

Yugoslav Nudist Holidays Next Year

Readers' Photo Club

Nude Beauty Contest

THE NATURIST MAGAZINE WITH 75 TEXT





## THE 79th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Established 1900. Health and Efficiency incorporating Sunbathing Review, Health and Vim. is associated with the Central Council for British Naturism, the Australian Nudist Federation and New Zealand Sunbathing Association

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally, Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those

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Published by Interman International Management Inc. (Est), P.O. Box 53272, 94-90 Vaduz, Liechtenstein

Design and Editorial Production by Peenhill Ltd., 8-9 East Harding Street, London E.C.4.

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## **BACK TO NATURE**

The urban terrorist has frightened us all. Not so much that we fear him personally, but because we wonder where our world is headed. Since the last war all of us in Europe have seen governments, industry, commerce and other social activities becoming more and more complex. Life is becoming more institutionalised. We feel alienated and vaguely unhappy.

Is this what life is about? Before television many of us walked in the streets of our towns around sunset; just to see and be seen. Hoping to meet friends. Perhaps to chat awhile. In some more remote parts of Europe they still do. In Dubrovnik for instance where the people throng the Placa every evening. Their 'korzo' is a human warming activity—the very opposite of alienation.

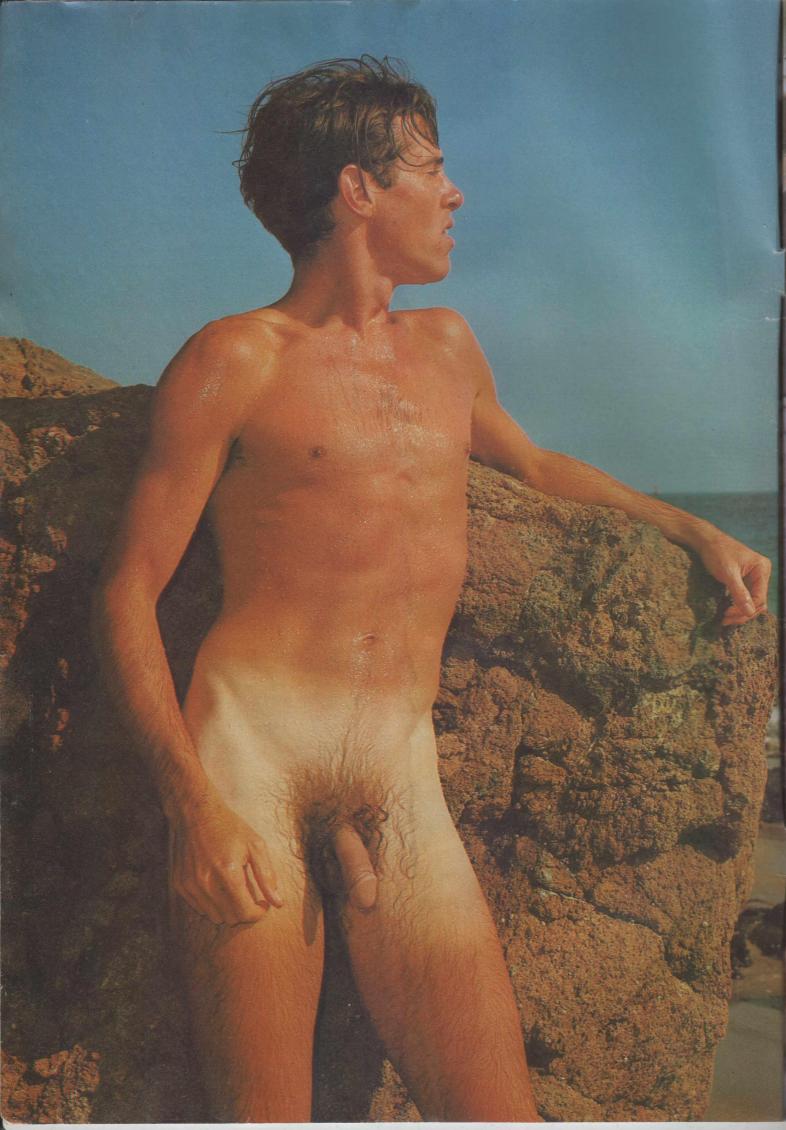
Perhaps we will have to define wealth differently. The wealthy person will be one who can work at home away from the machine. Above all he will be the one who can escape from the urban struggle—as often as possible. To escape back to nature. In other words a naturist.

Murray Wren (Editor)



## Next Month Do Not Miss

We visit the magic Gorge of the Ardeche in France. Once getting there was almost impossibly difficult. Today all is changed. A modern fast highway runs high above the dark green river. You drive along excellent roads right to the cliff top. From there on you step back into a world before timecetainly before the motor car. Once you start the long winding path into the gorge, you're in a world where white eagles soar. Come with us, we will show you the way.



# MORE THAN A HOLIDAY PLAYGROUND

While we have only one official nudist beach to date, it is certain that next summer the number will greatly increase. As likely as not the increase will be greatest in Cornwall where local nudists have been pioneering the numerous sandy bays. In the following article Roger Clive Kemp reveals for all the attractions of Cornwall and locates some of its nudist beaches where he hopes to welcome even more nudists from Germany and France, not to mention the USA and Canada. Read how this corner of our country is aiming to become an international nudist centre.

FOR the past ten years there has been a steady trickle of European naturists making Cornwall their holiday destination. Ten years ago they used to come

mainly from Germany and Italy; but, as their numbers have increased, so have the countries of their origins.

More Spanish, French, Dutch,

Belgians and Portuguese now holiday in Cornwall than ever before, and the two main reasons for this increase have been the improvement of the roads from





London and all the major cities (Cornwall used to be a nightmare for drivers); and the opening up of the sealink between Plymouth and Britanny.

Cornwall has been a holiday playground for Britons for thirty years or more; but it has been more than a holiday playground for visiting Europeans in the past ten years.

The coastline of Cornwall is impressive with its rocks and sandy beaches; and with its little coves which afford a great deal of privacy for naturists, and non-naturists. Many of these coves have been taken on a first-come, first-served basis.

If naturists get there early in the season and commandeer them first, then word spreads. If they are late in getting there, then many of these secluded beaches are taken over by those sun-

bathers who still feel they need pieces of material to cover parts of their bodies.

But there are a large number of sandy beaches and coves which have become recognised amongst the local people as havens for naturists.

Three miles out of St. Ives is a large expanse of sand and sand-dunes called Porthkidney Beach. The seabed has a slippery shelf to it which makes it a little dangerous for swimming, so non-naturist families and single people avoid it, and settle for the pleasures of the packed beaches of Hayle, Carbis Bay and St. Ives instead.

Park your car at the parish church of Lelant, and walk across the golf course towards the sea, and you'll find the sand dunes of Porthkidney Beach. For those who travel by public transport, there are buses to Lelant, and a

small railway station there. Thereafter it's a walk of ten minutes.

Around the St. Ives area, too, there are plenty of secluded coves for naturists to enjoy. Photographers use them for their nude photo sessions, so don't be surprised to see nude models there when you arrive. But they'll leave when their sessions are over; and tranquility, sandy beach and bluey green seascapes are what is left.

Drive along the Zennor-St. Just road; or walk along the cliff paths which surround this part of West Penwith, and there are numerous coves to choose from. Nonnaturists prefer not to use them, because a little ingenuity is needed to get down some of the rocks; and, in any case, they feel more in need of deckchairs and beach-side kiosks where they can order trays of tea, cartons of fish and chips, or ice cream wafers.

For those holidaying in the Penzance area, there are the beaches and coves near Lamorna, Portheurno, Sennen, and Pednevounder, where there are opportunities for naturism. Again, there is no official agreement that naturists can use these coves; but, as the numbers of local enthusiasts (many of them young people), and holiday making visitors from other parts of Europe have increased, so have the demands for many of these coves to become unofficially set aside for the use of naturists.

## Tropical weather

Pednevounder is becoming a popular beach for naturists, and this is located near Porthcurno, where the famous open-air Minack Theatre is situated.

Cornwall is the most southwestern county of the British Isles. Penzance and St. Ives are roughly 300 miles south-west of London. The weather is more tropical than anywhere else in the country, palm trees are to be seen in many of the Cornish resorts like Falmouth, St. Mawes, Penzance, St. Ives, Newquay, and Helston for The Lizard.

It is a county given over mainly to tourism, and tourists come throughout the year. Most of them want to enjoy the fresh air, the beautifully wild countryside, and the quaint cottages and cobbled streets.

They also like the local food, like Cornish cream, pasties, heava cake, and fresh fish and seafoods.

They like touring around the quaint fishing harbours and villages of Looe and Polperro, Coverack, Porthcurno, Fowey and Mevagissey, Newlyn, Mousehole, Padstow and Portreath. They like wandering around the old minestacks which are a romantic reminder of the days when Cornwall was the premier source of tin in Europe.

From mid-September to the beginning of April the more discerning visitors come down to paint, to pot, to attend the little art schools and studios which abound, to collect the flora and fauna to make into beautiful flower arrangements and collages for brightening up depressing winter city rooms.

They come down to unwind, by taking long country walks, and having a pint or two of beer in the friendly pubs which are everywhere. They also come down to write for newspapers and magazines, or work on novels which they have meant to write a long time ago now.

Sometimes, even in the offseason, the weather is sunny, and then the more hardy naturists venture forth to the secluded, sheltered coves, and they manage



to get some sun. Perhaps three or four hours a day, but the winter sun is always far more satisfying and beneficial than the summer sun, which is always expected.

With road and rail travel from London as easy as it is, there is a greater preponderence of Continental naturists in the off season than ever before. With the sealink from Britanny there are a lot of French naturists who come for a week at a time, or for ten days.

What attracts them is the natural beauty of the beaches and the countryside, and the availability of the local people to talk to them. One of their main purposes for coming out of season is to improve their command of the English language, and they feel they have a better chance of improving it in Cornwall than they do in the bigger cities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, or Torquay.

In those cities there are largescale language schools established with large numbers of students in mind. At many of these language schools, attention is rather impersonal.

In Cornwall, in Falmouth, Newquay, St. Mawes, Penzance and St. Ives, language tuition is available, but there are few organised language schools to teach them.

In Penzance, there is the internationally recognised Bricent Language School in St. Mary's Terrace, where hundreds of foreign students meet each week for daily lessons. But it is the only Cornish town which has a recognised English language school.

## School playground

In the other towns there are houses where State-school teachers give English lessons, on an individual or a small group basis. Here the lessons are individually created with the students in mind.

And it is these teachers who find most favour with visiting European naturists.

While on their holidays they want to spend their daytimes soaking up the sunshine, or exploring the countryside; and their evenings and night-times attending lessons and conversation classes.

With most British Englishlanguage schools, lessons are held during the daytime, which is just what the naturists don't want. So the evening and night-time classes and lessons given by teachers are better for them.

The St. Ives School of English, based at 24 Bellair Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall, is run by a small number of teachers who work in local State schools, so their English lessons are exactly the same as they give in their ordinary



school jobs. They rarely take more than six pupils at a time; and they get a lot of recommendations year after year, especially from French and German business people who can't find the time to enrol for courses of English lessons in their own home-towns. The St. Ives School of English can arrange lessons in other parts of the country.

Because Cornwall is more than a holiday playground—it caters for tourists all through the year, it has a great deal of culture and history, as well as natural beauty, and because it is generally quite cheap—there is always a great variety of accommodation.

There are de luxe hotels in St. Ives, Newquay, Falmouth and St. Mawes. There are standard hotels; and many, many bed and breakfast establishments where prices range from around £3·50 per night for bed and breakfast, per person.

Details of these, for those who want to book in advance, can be obtained from any local tourist office, or from The Tourist Director, County Hall, Truro, Cornwall.

Accommodation in central hotels and bed and breakfast establishments should be booked beforehand for the peak summertime of June, July and August, although there is always plenty of accommodation available in outlying towns and villages on any given night of the year. It's only a case of looking out for vacancy boards, and knocking at the door to see which rooms are available.

For those who wish to cater for themselves—and a great number of naturists prefer the freedom

of doing exactly what they like—there are always plenty of holiday flats, cottages, bungalows, houses and chalets. Details of these can be obtained from local tourist offices, and the most helpful of these are at St. Ives, Penzance, Falmouth, Newquay and Bude (which is in north Cornwall). But advance reservations are vital for people wanting self-catering accommodation for the peak summertime.

As a rough guide, holiday-makers should expect that their self-catering accommodation will cost them about £15 per person per week; and it is easier to find accommodation for four and six people, or more, than for just two.

For those who would rather enjoy the open air there are plenty of caravan parks and camp sites, and details of these can be got from the various Cornish tourist offices, or from the Tourist Department at County Hall in Truro.

Cornwall is basically an outdoor county, and so much is geared to there being continual sunshine.

But sometimes there are torrential downpours, and then the holidaymakers have to rush for the cinemas, the small theatre clubs, the amusement arcades and the leisure centres.

There is a very good one at Carn Brea, which is between Camborne and Redruth, bang in the middle of the lower part of the county. Squash courts, a sauna, a solarium, swimming pools, a weight training gymnasium and an ordinary gymnasium are all open for a very modest charge.

But there are plenty of other places to visit if the rain comes

down in buckets. There is Holman's Mining Museum at Camborne; the Movie Museum at St. Ives; the town Museum at St. Ives; the Mechanical Music Museum at Goldsithney; the Poldark Mining Company and Wendron Forge, near Helston; and the Marine Museum at Penzance, near the Admiral Benbow public house/restaurant.

The beautiful light and colour have attracted artists and craftsmen to Cornwall for the last eighty years or more, and many of them earn their living from their own cottage industries. They sell what they make, and often they sell from their own front doors, or their own front rooms.

Wet days are often when they do a great deal of their business, so they make it a policy to welcome rain-sodden visitors who are touring the county trying to make the best of the inclement weather.

## Things to do

Some of them become national, even international, artists and craftsmen, so often purchases from them—paintings, pottery, silkscreen posters, jewellery, leather art—become very valuable souvenirs of past Cornish holidays.

With more and more Britishmade TV shows actually being filmed in Cornwall—like the two series of 'Poldark' stories which have become the rage of many TV stations throughout Europe and America—more and more foreign visitors are going to be spending their holidays in the county.

1978 promises to be the year when more American and Canadian visitors tour Cornwall, because air fares have become so cheap for them; but they are English speaking too, and they will add to the opportunities for English conversation which French, German, Dutch, Spanish and Italian visitors want to benefit from.

The fact that the beaches are sobeautiful, that so many of them are tiny secluded coves where privacy can be maintained, means that they are a guaranteed attraction for European as well as British naturists.

Around the St. Ives-Penzance area (which is called the West Penwith area of Cornwall)—much of it looks like Britanny or the South of France.

Many French, German and Spanish naturists in the past have told me how much the area has reminded them of St. Tropez. At present, there aren't as many naturists to be seen in West Penwith as there are in St. Tropez, but the way things are going, there might come a time when there are.



## REALLY and TRULY trast the neophytes' extreme enthusiasm for the feel of sun and air on the body. Finally Susan glances at some readers' sexual problems and gives enlightened advice.

Would-be members often wonder how to join a club. Just what is it like? This is one of the matters Susan Mayfield tackles this month. In her usual penetrating approach Susan looks at body hang-ups and in con-

people's thoughts are turning once again to joining sun-clubs. Suddenly we feel as though we are wearing used-up winter skins, rather like snakes, and don't feel happy and at one with nature again until we've had that first springtime kiss of sun on our bodies.

I know some naturists who rush down to the club on the first sunny day in February, and keep warm in the wintry rays by pounding energetically around the miniten court. Others who can't bear (bare?) the cold, keep up with their naturist activities in the winter by arranging mixed saunas for the club members.

The editor tells me that Health and Efficiency is a propaganda magazine, not one that preaches to the converted, and he hopes to reach people outside the movement and possibly persuade them to come in. People are short of information and have such odd ideas of what naturists are like! I received the following letter from a young husband;

## Love in the sunshine

'We have been married for two years and ever since our courting days my wife and I have gone nude sunbathing together whenever we could find a secluded spot. Once we'd done this, it seemed so silly to me to see other sunworshippers on a public beach clinging to their modesty triangles. My wife has never objected to lazing on a mountainside with our picnic and if we were really sure we wouldn't be interrupted, we often made love out in the sunshine or even under the stars on a warm night. I like to smell her skin in bed at night after she has been out in the sun all day. So I think it's time we joined a naturist club. We've discussed this by the hour but my wife insists that what we do is a private thing of ours, nothing to do with anyone else, and she doesn't want others joining in our private life. Last year I gave up the battle but this year I'm determined to get her to join a club. Can you give me some hints on how to persuade her?'



I think your wife and yourself are looking at this coin from different sides; you see a natural, relaxed activity which could be a social thing if you let it while she sees nudism as part of your own private world of love-making. I think she's got the impression that she might have to include others in this private world against her will if she joined a club. But you need more knowledge, you can't join a club just by knocking on the door!

I'll tell you how it works at the club I go to. Firstly you fill in an application form jointly and then two committee members of the club come and interview you in your own home. You can ask any questions you want, put forward any objections, and your wife can talk to the lady committee member on her own if she wishes.

If you like them and they like you, you will be invited to come to the club for three trial visits. You don't have to undress at any particular time, but if you decide to become members, the club does like to see you practising naturism—you can't be a member if you are always dressed, although everyone understands if you have a cold or just don't feel like it.

If your wife isn't converted by the last visit, you will just have to accept her veto, but at no time will she have to undress if she doesn't want to. As for your privacy, some clubs carry rules to ridiculous lengths to protect their members' privacy. No one knows anything about you except your first name and they don't ask personal questions—you can refuse to answer any question that you think may be invading your

privacy. The club committee reserve the right to throw out immediately (and I've seen this happen) any member who upsets any other member in any way. Some members of my club are life-long friends and know all about each other; others just come and sun-bathe and go away again, nice and brown but as mysterious as ever! So all in all, the best thing you can do is get in touch with your local club as soon as you can.

Your wife might be interested in the following letter from a young man who has been trying to join a club for some time;

'Last week I went to visit our local sun-club and I couldn't wait to get into club uniform. The change was tremendous. From hot sultry heat pouring over my body, and causing me to feel

uncomfortable as my clothes clung to me, to cool air flowing all over me. I tried out the pool and it was very cold, but I braved it to help a little girl float on an inflated inner tube and when I came out I felt refreshed. I enjoyed running about naked, everyone was naked except some visitors who preferred to remain dressed even through the heat. I cannot see why people write to H.&E. about parts of our body; when you are in the club you just notice people having a good time sharing in a most relaxing and rejuvenating way of being naked together under the sun. All the preconceived myths are blown away; you wouldn't want to make love to anyone, you'd wait till you were in the privacy of your own home. I was so full of vitality and energy that I attempted to ride up a hill with my bike that I had previously walked. And made it. I just cannot wait to be accepted as I felt that this was definitely for me, and I want to share the joys with a girl, so I am seeking the friendship of one and hope I succeed as this is something no one should say no to!'



How I agree! And I hope you soon find a girl to come with you on your visits. Are you going again? You may well find it a good idea to talk more to the other members of the club, as the older members may have teenage children around your age. Then you won't have the awful job of persuading a girl you don't mean her any harm when you invite her to undress in public for the first time in her life!

In my experience, wives prefer the club life more than their men-folk do, once they get used to it, but many women are put off joining a sun-club because they are sure their bodies are ugly. This is nonsense, as a brief visit to any club will prove. To be hung-up about your body is a devastating thing and can wreck a person's happiness. A young woman writes;

'Can you tell me what to do? I have just had my first sexual experience and I am very worried that no one else will ever want me. I don't have a very good figure and I am afraid that people will laugh if they see me in the nude. My boyfriend has never seen me in the nude, I turned the light off, but he isn't very good-looking, I don't think he has ever slept with anyone before either. He doesn't seem to want to touch me and I want to know if I really am ugly and what can I do about it. Can you help me? I feel that I can never have sex again.'





Of course you're not ugly. You are equating sexual attractiveness with physical good looks. I dare say looks have got something to do with the initial attraction, but you must realise that by the time you even speak to someone after the first introduction, your looks have passed into their mind and are almost forgotten as they get to know the real you. I don't think your supposed ugliness has got anything to do with your dilemma.

You can't possibly expect a first sexual encounter to be all sweet success. Sexual technique has to be learned, and if your boyfriend is a newcomer to the game of love as well as yourself, you can't expect him to know what to do to please you. I dare say he was lying there wondering if he could summon up the nerve to touch you, while all the time you were thinking he didn't want you!

Please—get to know each other better, talk about your feelings, relax in the nude before you make love so that you feel at ease with each other, and concentrate on communication and understanding as well as sex. Remember that your boyfriend is probably just as insecure as you are—and may well think he is so ugly that you don't find him attractive!

Young women are certainly getting in a state nowadays. A lady of 27 writes;

'Although I love my boyfriend very much, we quarrel because he keeps asking me to marry him and throws sulks when I say I'd rather not. This may sound funny when so many girls are longing for marriage but I don't want to lose my independence. He says that if I really did want to be with him for ever, I'd see nothing wrong with being married, but I've got a life of my own to lead.

I feel he wants to put me in a cage and this is ruining a perfectly good relationship. Why can't we just carry on as we are?"

## Try living together?

Because your boyfriend is simply insecure. Why don't you try living together as so many couples do? You could share the running expenses of your home but otherwise be like two loving friends who live together. Your boyfriend would relax when he knew he could rely on having your company and you would keep your independence. Perhaps a quote from one of my other correspondents will help you make up your mind; 'Marriage should, as a standing covenant between two people, be witnessed in the form of a documentation of the relationship as a protection for the wife who may well become

a mother. But the wedding is only the initial ceremony while a marriage is the life experience of two people who care for each other.' However, I should bear in mind that living together is not marriage and there is no need to fall into a marriage-type relationship unless this is what you want.

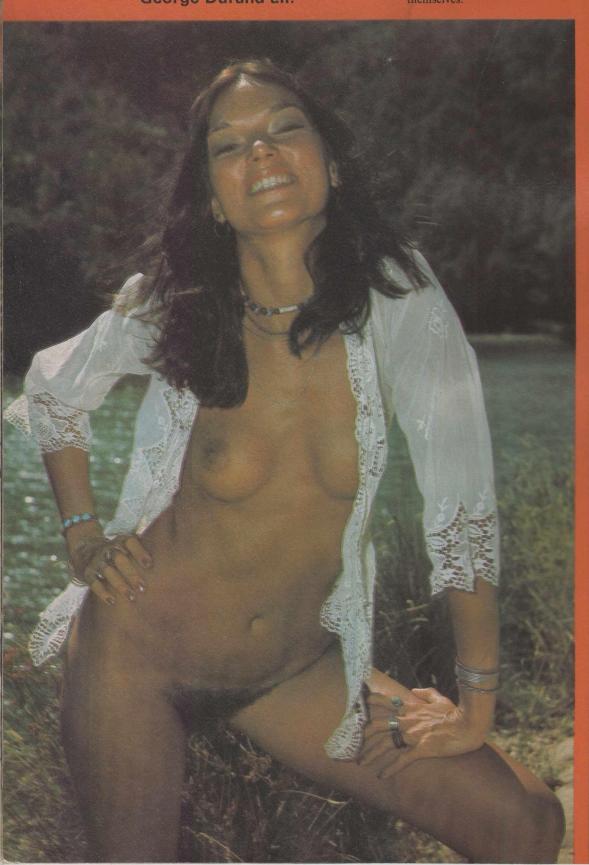
Lastly, could I make a plea to readers? Health and Efficiency is not a contact magazine and we are not here to put people in touch with one another, although I sometimes publish a letter that will be of interest to other readers. I have just heard from a man in Surrey who wants me to find him an attractive girl between 26 and 30. He tells me hardly anything about himself, why he is on his own or even if he is on his own! So please readers, get hold of the contact magazines on the market; I can't supply women willy-nilly to all my lonely correspondents!

## ARE YOU A SKIN EROTIC?

Ellen is a learned lass. She has been probing around psychiatry and discovered her true nature. She revels in it and tells George Durand all.

ELLEN is a skin erotic. She says so herself. She should know. She is 26, a university graduate and 'into' psychiatry.

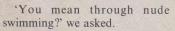
What is a skin erotic? We asked Ellen. 'It's difficult. You see, unless you know you're a skin erotic, you might never find out. But basically a skin erotic is someone who gets a great kick from the feelings of the skin. The play of the sunlight for instance. Its warmth felt directly on the skin. Or the wind—so long as it's not cold. Or even water. That's where most skin erotics discover themselves.'











'No, you don't need to be fully nude to be aware you like the feel of the water washing over your skin. But once you do, and if become intolerable.'

'You see I think I'm a bit more of a skin erotic than most. I'm sensitive. I remember, before it was so important to me to go you're as mad about it as I—you nude on the beach, I used to wear want to get as much contact as a one-piece bathing costume.











Sitting on the sand after a swim was horrible. All that wet sand clinging onto the bathing costume which remained wet and cold for ever so long. I mean, a skin erotic likes pleasant skin feelings not nasty ones.'

'Anyhow one day I was alone in the sandhills and thought I would take off the bathing costume and dry myself. The lovely feeling of the warm dry sand on my skin was a revelation. I rolled in it. Lifted it in my hands and let it splash across my breasts. I was dry in no time. I picked a new piece of sand, lay down on my tummy, and let the warmth fill me. It was volumptuous.'

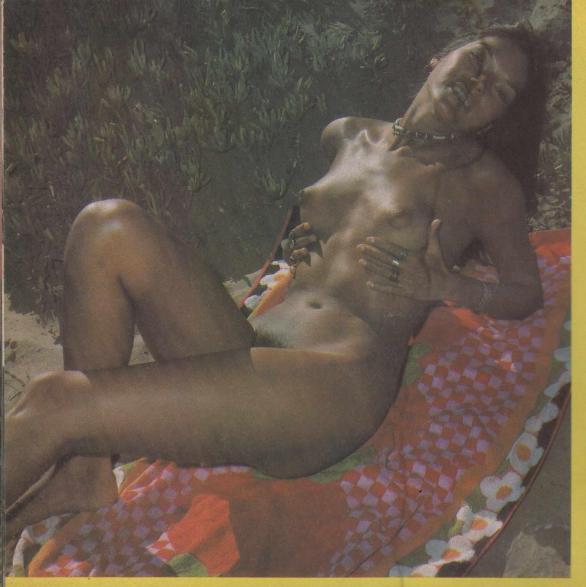
'You can crunch the sand between your legs and dig your arms into it. You know mankind is only recently civilised. The human animal ran around for millions and millions of years naked.'

We said we thought they used animal skins.

'Oh, that came a long time later,' said Ellen. 'That was when the rot set in and we started on the wrong road to where we are now.'

'Wrong road?'

'Yes. You see all those millions of years we had been naked and then we put on clothes. How can we know just how harmful that has been to the human race. Just look at the clothed skin. White, often spotty and awful looking. Even today and in civilised society people feel a sun browned skin is not only healthier but a darn



sight more attractive.'

'Why don't you join a nudist club?' we asked.

'Why should I? It's only a matter of time before everyone is nude on the beach. And anyhow, the nudists I've met are so stuffy and uptight about sex, they wouldn't approve of me saying I was a skin erotic.'

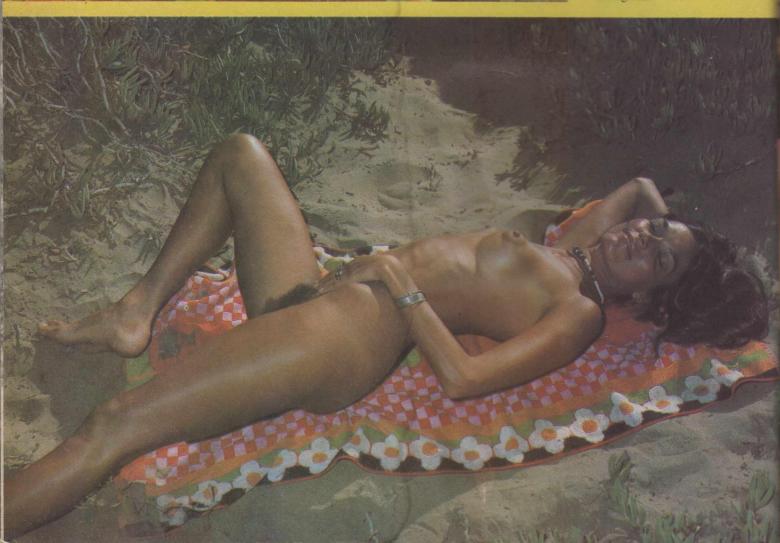
Why not?

'Because then they would have to admit they were also skin erotics, and you know how upset that would make some of the old fuddy duddies. Erotics and sex the basis of naturism, why, their founders would turn in the grave.

'It's funny really isn't it. I was reading a psychologist the other day and he was on about this skin erotism. There's also muscle erotics. That is the pleasure some people get from exercising their muscles—men usually. And there is also exhibition erotics. You see it in naked children. How they like to show off their bodies.

'Well we all have a bit of it. I know I have a lot. I like to show off to a mirror. Or a camera. I enjoy it. Anyhow, this psychologist said the reason naturists banded together in camps was their desire to show off. It's a real, necessary human desire. Why should people get so uptight when it is pointed out to them. Why indeed do they get uptight about anything, erotic?'

We agreed.





## THISTIME

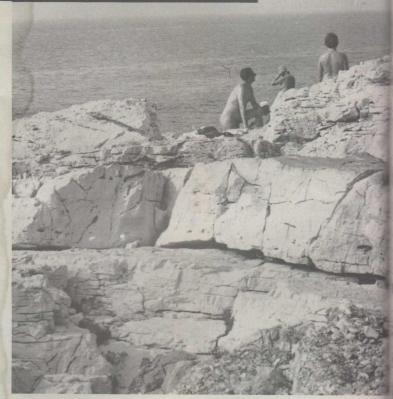
## YUGOSLAVIA

Yugoslavia has its nudist beaches. A mere 3,400 of them, with the number increasing every year. Doubtless the day will arrive when every beach along the breathtaking coast will go nude. But for now, you have to know where they are and the best way of enjoying them. Here Lance Ridgeway takes a look at one of the most important resorts and points at other inviting locations.

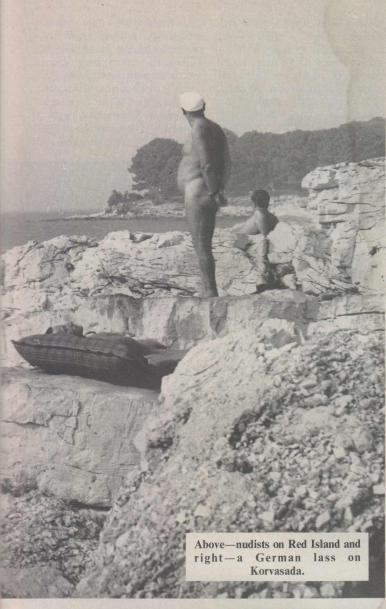
YUGOSLAVIA, like Albania today was once lost behind the iron curtain. But when Tito first sounded his independence the trickle of European tourists soon grew into a torrent.

Among the first were the Germans, and among them numerous nudists. They sought out islands and Yugoslavia has thousands of those. The result was that many of these islands soon gained a reputation among the knowledgeable as pleasing, if primitive, naturist havens. Among the first were 'English Beach' on the Island of Rab, and not far away, the Island of Korvasada.

Now it is well known that most communist countries have a moral code which more resembles Victorian times than our own. This left them with a frightful headache. Should they chase away the frightful nudists and lose the valued foreign currency, or should they accept them and run the risk of moral degeneracy.







The Yugoslavs turned out to be remarkably like the British when faced with a difficult decision. They decided to compromise. The result was that though the authorities well knew what was going on, officially they took no notice. And what happened was that various areas, usually within walking distance of a comfortable hotel were used by nudists and no one objected. If anyone did, the authorities turned a blind eye. In Yugoslavia, that is that.

But not even the Yugoslavs could have anticipated the thousands upon thousands of tourists who would descend on these sunny nudist beaches. Their early policy of ignoring the very existence of nudists was hard to maintain. Especially since public health demanded the erection of primitive facilities at the most popular places. So they took to 'just noticing'. At Rab, for instance, they erected a stone wall with a gate in it to block off the entrance to English Beach. A fellow sat in a little box all day, inspected your naturist passports and charged you about three pence for entrance.

At Korvasada, the technique

was a little different. Here, everyone stayed in the mainland Hotel the Anita near the village of Vasa. This is a typical Yugoslav holiday hotel with a centre complex consisting of dining rooms, kitchens, bars and toilet accommodation. It sat on a small hill overlooking the sea. Around the hotel were scattered numerous bungalows and eventually some smart one roomed holiday flatlets. Also provided was a large camping area. Almost opposite the hotel lies the famous island and every morning a small motor boat chugged away from the Anita's wharf and deposited you and your day's belongings on the jetty poking out from the island.

The trip took only a few minutes and was expensive. But you paid up willingly enough, knowing this was the subsidy you were paying for the establishment of normal facilities on the otherwise deserted island. Conveniently, the Hotel Anita established a restaurant on the island and you could use your hotel meal tickets there as well.

As soon as you were on the island you could strip off and make for your favourite seaside



spot. But to get there most people preferred to cross through the pine trees to the other side of the island. Pushing through the low lying branches of the pines meant that most delayed undressing until they reached the water's edge. Another major snag was provided by low hanging and quite huge spiders' webs. Walking into

one of these is a traumatic experience, but I heard of no one who suffered any harm.

Now, about twelve years ago, right beside the Hotel Anita, an area of land was set aside for a mainland naturist resort. At first it presented a sad sight. It seemed the nudists had been allowed to use a bit of land no one else could

possibly want for anything. But it promised well. For one thing the island was even nearer than it was to the hotel. So near in fact, that almost anyone could swim across. And since now the inflatable boat was becoming all the rage, hardly anyone bothered with the chug-chug boat.

At first development of the new

camp was slow, but once it gained momentum, nothing could stop its spreading like fire in a forest. Today, the resort is so big it dwarfs the little Hotel Anita.

Every kind of accommodation is available. What you take depends on how much you want to spend. If you decide to visit Korvasada, you can write to



Hotel Anita, Vrsar, Miramare, Istria, Yugoslavia direct, or you can contact Yugotours which arranges package tours for naturists from your country.

arranges package tours for naturists from your country.

How will you spend your day?

To some extent it depends when you go. You should remember that it can be even hotter here than in say, the South of France.





At the height of the season it can also be too crowded. I would say, avoid August. Apart from that a very early or a very late holiday might be best. You will probably arise early in the morning and take a lazy breakfast. By 10 a.m. the camp is fully awake and you can decide to spend your day sunbathing and swimming or perhaps if you have taken your car tour around the country and visit some of the nearby towns.

If it's sunbathing, don't expect a fine sandy beach. That is one thing Yugoslavia has a shortage of. What they can provide are snow white rocks which have much the same effect as sunbathing on the snow. They reflect the light into the most unexpected places—so beware of sunburn. The swimming is perfect, warm and silky smooth.

In the evening you may care to walk to the village of Vrsar. It

prides itself with its fish restaurant, but beyond that has little to offer the visitor looking for night life. So, if you decide to visit Korvasada, you can be assured of a perfectly peaceful, naturist life. You will have to be content with that.

Since the Anita pioneered the hotel-cum-naturist resort, numerous other hotels have followed suit. But many of them make no public notice of the fact that they have a nudist beach somewhere discreetly tucked away.

For instance, just south of Dubrovnik you will find a clutch of hotels near the village of Plat. One, in fact is known as the Plat Hotel. A few kilometres away is the Hotel Astarea. Although the Plat Hotel accommodates some 1,500 guests and provides information on all manner of trips and entertainments, they fail to mention that between them and the









Yugoslavia has few really sandy beaches. But white stones reflect the sun just like snow—so go easy at first,

Astarea exists a typical small naturist beach.

The Astarea too, appears hardly to notice the beach which is only about 20 minute's walk from its front door. Admittedly, should you enquire at reception you will be shown the path leading to the beach. When searching for these beaches, don't expect them to be labelled 'Nudist Beach'. Look instead to the almost secret code sign 'F.K.K.'. This is the sign which always leads to the nudist area. You'll find it in strange places. Even as a sign on the ubiquitous 'water taxi'. But beware of these pirates. They charge the earth. If you are tempted to use their undoubted convenience, make sure you agree the price first. And be clear as to whether you have agreed a single or return trip. And whether the cost is all in or per passenger.

Private enterprise is allowed in Yugoslavia. And when it comes to charging the tourist—anything goes.

In the last few years Yugoslavia has begun to lose some of its shyness. Yugotours who operate tours from west European countries have even brought out a special booklet describing their nudist associated hotels.

The cover carries the heading 'This Time Yugoslavia' and in much smaller type, 'For the sun-

loving naturist'. A cover picture shows a family—mother, father and kids and all are arguably nude. Arguably because not a sexual organ, primary or secondary is to be seen.

Inside you are given a wide choice of resorts. Generally speaking the resorts fall into two main areas, north and south. In the north you have a group scattered around Korvasada which we have already mentioned. Here we have Umag, Porec-Solaris, Porec, Rovinj, Monsena, Medulin and Medulin-Kazela.

A few hundred kilometres south you come across the group more or less centred around Dubrovnik. Listed are Hvar, Vrboska, Jelsa and Korcula. Then further south Srebreno, Mlini and Ulcini.

All of the above are divided into two categories, holiday resorts with naturist beaches and enclosed naturist centres. Basically the difference, which they fail to explain is that the first category (holiday resorts with naturist beaches) indicates what we would call a free beach. The other category is more strictly oriented towards the practising nudist.

Even this list is very limited. The Yugoslav tourist organisation says they know of more than 3,400 nudist beaches. So wherever you go in Yugoslavia, keep an eye out for the magic sign—'F.K.K.'.

## WHEN ONE

## MAN ISN'T

## ENOUGH

Nudists have always been ahead of their non-nudist friends. After all it takes courage to do something as unconventional as going nude in mixed company. It is even rumoured that many nudists take the lead in some of the life styles practised today. While the French are old hands at the ménage à trois, for the rest of us it is a closed book. Here George Mann looks into the way of a woman with two men.

I AM lucky enough to number among my friends a beautiful and very unusual woman.

She is, I believe, as honest a person as I've met. What's unusual about her? I'll tell you. She has been married and divorced three times and now lives with two men. Both her junior by several years.

I've said that she's beautiful. That isn't the half of it. She's an absolute stunner. Feet planted firmly on the ground she runs her life as she wants it. Dependent on nobody.

I met her by accident. In the course of business I called at her home to photograph a piece of furniture she wished to sell. Never have I had such difficulty in focusing my camera. I just couldn't take my eyes off her.

Shoulder length golden hair framing a face that made classical beauties of Greek mythology seem ordinary. She was wearing a brief beach robe and I guessed I'd disturbed her siesta in a beautiful garden. My adrenalin was flowing like a river in spate.

Fortunately my photo commission demanded the use of a tripod. If I'd attempted hand-held shots the results would have been disastrous. There's no way camera

shake can be avoided if your heart is pumping like a steam engine.

I made the session last as long as possible. I took infinite care to produce perfectly exposed negatives, moving the piece of furniture to supposedly better positions.

The lovely lady watched from a distance but said nothing. Most disconcerting. I caught glimpses of her in a mirror above a mantelpiece. Curled up in an armchair like a kitten. Attempts at conversation failed dismally.

When I left she thanked me politely and asked me to send proofs from which she would make a selection. No way! I intended to deliver the proofs myself.

And did so. She was pleased, which isn't surprising since I'd made 24 exposures. Any similar job not in her company would have taken about five minutes. And half a dozen exposures at most

That original photo commission led to others and we became friends

Mistress of a large estate in unspoiled countryside the lady also holds a senior position in the world of commerce. Her three marriages failed because, as she





puts it, her husbands wanted to rule the roost. Nobody rules that lady.

Do not imagine her to be a thigh-booted martinet ruling her domain with a rod of iron. Nothing could be further from the truth. She is a small woman yet possesses physical and mental courage to an extraordinary degree.

Fortunately for my peace of mind she is not sexually attracted to me. Our minds are in harmony and, since I've come to know her well, am glad our friendship is sincere but platonic.

I did once take her in my arms. I felt her lovely body stiffen and immediately released her. We would, she said, forget that it ever happened.

Doubtless it had crossed my mind that, living with two men, she was sexually liberated. She certainly is but chooses her lovers. I still sometimes wish she would look at me as she does the two men in her life.

In the privacy of her walled garden she works and relaxes naturally naked. I have never

known a more natural naturist. When she, her two lovers and I are in that garden, all naked, there is never a hint of sex. The lady is always in control of herself. She expects, and gets, the same control from others.

You may think I write of one particular woman whose life with two men has been well publicised. I do not. My lady friend guards her privacy jealously.

Living in a tiny hamlet her lifestyle must be known to her neighbours. She commands and receives respect by sheer force of





personality. She does not have to tell others to mind their own business. A warning flash from her green eyes is all that is necessary.

She has made me her confidant. When I asked how the present set-up came about she answered honestly.

No one man, she told me, can satisfy her physically or mentally. She has her own ideas of what constitutes a man. A successful tycoon might, or might not, measure up to her standards. So might a building labourer.

## She wanted both

Her first marriage was a disaster, her second barely tolerable. A third attempt, she said, could only have been a last effort to conform to the rules of polite society. After which she gave up



and made her own rules.

To her the idea of living alone, or having a succession of lovers, is repugnant. She needs companionship as much as she needs sex. Both her present lovers courted her at the same time. Each aware of the other.

To resolve the situation, since she knew she wanted both, the men were told to accept that fact or opt out. The *ménage à trois* appears to work very well. When I suggested that the passage of time might present difficulties the lady smiled and said: 'I know that. I'll use every feminine wile I know or learn, to keep things as they are. I've never been so happy.'

I cannot satisfy any prurient interest for a who-does-what-towhom account. My lady friend doesn't volunteer such information. And I tremble to think what might happen to anybody bold enough to enquire.

The two men who share her life are complete opposites. One is as tough as teak and built like Hercules. The other, whilst no weakling, is definitely the academic type. Therein, perhaps, lies the secret of her happiness and the success of the arrangement.

What might happen if one of the men imagines the other to be top dog one can only surmise. Only time will tell. I am sure the lady has no illusions as to possible pitfalls. When trouble rears its head she'll meet it head on. That is her way.

All very well for her, you may think, but we cannot all indulge our fancies. Fair enough. But what harm is there in being honest in such matters? Private and public lives often have a very definite dividing line. A line that should be respected.

Write her off as a trollop or nympho if you wish. It is my opinion that if more people were as honest the world would be a happier place. Private behaviour that in no way interferes with other people should be just that. Private.

If a lady wants two, or two hundred men, that's her business. Providing she isn't deceiving anybody, including herself, it is no business of do-gooders or moralisers.

I prefer to live with one woman. Two would undoubtedly have me running to the recruiting office of the French Foreign Legion.

My friend's attitude to naturism is as forthright as her choice of lifestyle. Clothes, she says, are a nuisance and if there isn't any need for them then why put them on? She is totally unconcerned by her own or other people's nudity.

I am all in favour of people experimenting to find a private way of life that suits them. I am totally opposed to irresponsible public behaviour. Non-conformists are very often kinder, more compassionate and considerate than those who toe the line.

Let the lady take the stage. From remembered conversations I summarise her philosophy. She says:

'I don't think I'm a wicked woman. But that's for others to

judge. I need mental and physical stimulation and satisfaction. I haven't met a man who can satisfy me mentally or physically. Not completely. I doubt if any woman ever has. My life now is one of complete satisfaction. At home, at work, in and out of bed.'

I asked about her two lovers, whether they too were happy and content?

## Happy trio

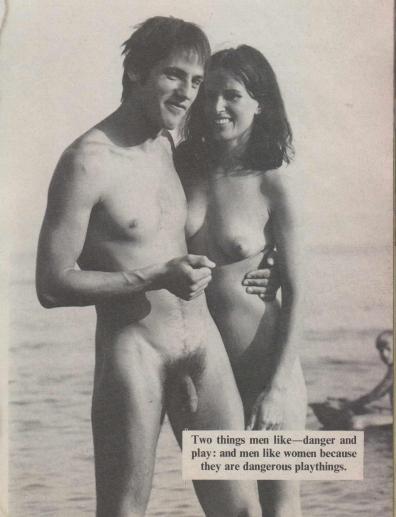
'How can I tell? They seem to be happy and tell me they are. Both are free to leave at any time. They choose to stay and they hurry home. If one is jealous of the other it doesn't show. Anyway I wouldn't stand for that. Jealousy is infantile. I arrange things so that nobody bumps into anybody in the middle of the night. I go to them. If they want me they can easily make me aware of it when I go to kiss them goodnight.'

That about sums it up. I value her friendship highly. And, in my heart, I'm glad that she doesn't want me sexually. If she did I'm not sure that I could share her.

One of her lovers, the academic type, once told me that if he could spend only one day a year with her he'd still come running.

I can understand that. My foot is always hard down on the throttle when I have an invitation to visit. Uninvited guests aren't welcome in that establishment.

Fascinating creature.



# BEAUTIFUL SAMANTHA

Samantha, the little blonde, chats about her naughty brother and dreams of the day when she is grown up and famous and rich enough to buy her own sunclub.

In the meantime, Samantha bares all her thoughts—listen. MY name is Samantha. I'm the pretty one. No, not her. She's my mum. Oh yes, I suppose she's pretty in her way. I suppose she must be 'cause I heard daddy say so.

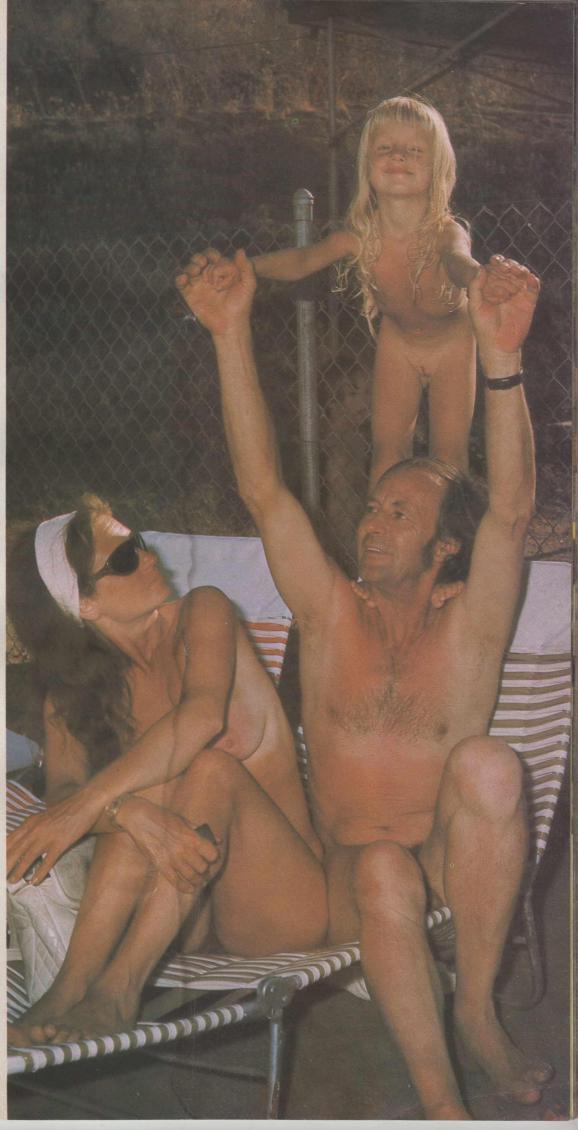
I'm not only pretty, I'm glamorous too. Like a film star. Daddy told me that too. I love my daddy. I think he's handsome and the best daddy in the world. I love my mummy too of course. But sometimes she's a bit tire-



some. Always making me do things I don't want to. And when I say I won't—she says I will. Then just because she's bigger and taller and stronger, I have to. Sometimes I think we don't need mummy. I think my dad and I could get along all right.

My brother? You mean Jacky. He's a goof. Not at all pretty. He's horrible. He's ugly, greedy, pushing and ... and ... mad! Just because he's older than me,





he thinks he can order me around. He says all girls are sissy.

And when we go to the club he's always fighting other boys. What club did you ask? Well, I suppose I can trust you. Mummy says I shouldn't tell everyone about it, but I'll whisper—it's a nudist club. Oh, so you're one too. Then I can show you our pictures.

The nice colour ones first. See, that's me with mummy holding onto me. I am glamorous, aren't I? See how nice my hair looks.

And of course that's daddy and Jacky. See how horrid he is. See his nasty little fist all screwed up there. That was because he was punching daddy.

And you see that one where we are all on the sun beds and Jacky has grabbed me. Well that was taken just after the colour one like it. You see what he's like. When he couldn't punch daddy he had to mess around. I told mummy she should stop him.

And see the one in the pool.

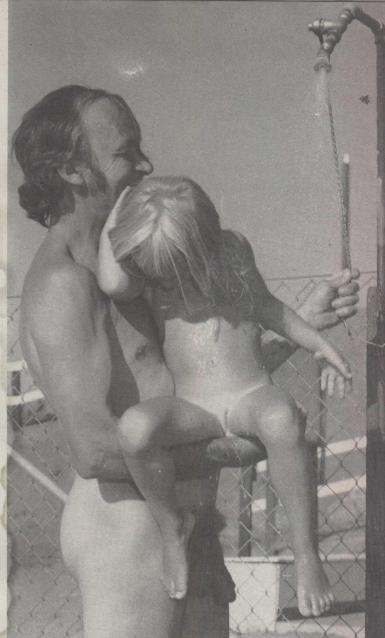
You can see how mummy and daddy like me best. They are keeping the water bed for me alone. Jacky has to fight the other boys for one. They are silly. They keep knocking each other off and screaming and yelling so. I never do that. One day a man came across and asked daddy to keep Jacky under control. When he had gone, daddy opened another can of beer and said the man was an 'officious bully'. What does 'officious' mean?

















See this one. That's daddy holding me under the shower. They have this nasty rule at the club. You have to get under that awful shower before you are allowed into the pool. I hate it. So daddy has to pick me up and push me under. I don't mind it so much when daddy is with me.

Then you can see us on the

diving board. I don't like the diving board. It has a great big spring under it and it waves around in the air causing the wind. And big men are always jumping up and down on it showing off. At least daddy says they are showing off. He never jumps up and down on the diving board. Perhaps it's because he can't

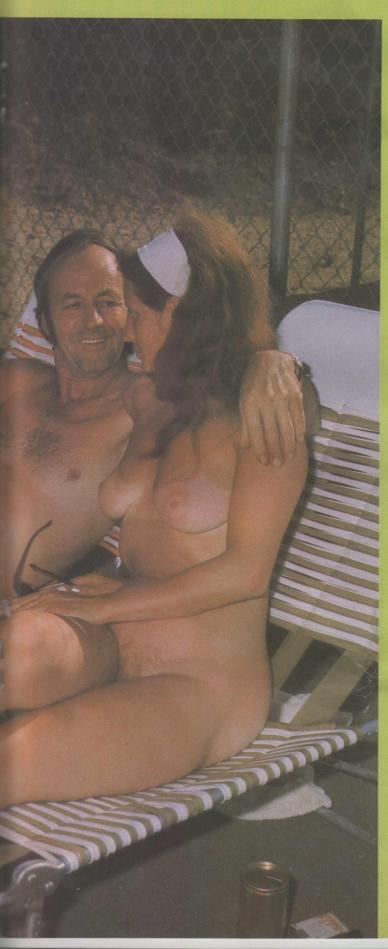


swim.

You see I don't like the diving board. Daddy just put me there for the photo. And if he hadn't got hold of me I would have jumped off. Of course Jacky loves the board. I say one day he will have an accident. Of course I wouldn't want him to have a big accident. Just a little one to teach

him not to be so rough.

What do I like best about the club? Well, I think I like splashing. They have this pool for the kids. Away from the big swimming pool. And it's just for children. I like that. But even so I think they should have one pool for the boys and one for the girls. You can splash as much as you





like. It's great fun. And of course, you have no clothes to get wet have you?

I would like to go to a sun club beside the sea. I think the sea would be much nicer. Are there any sun clubs on a beach? There are? Oh, well when I'm grown up I think I'll buy one of those. That would be exciting. And you wouldn't have any diving boards then would you?

One of these days I'm going to be grown up and then Jacky won't be able to push me around. No one in the whole wide world will push me around then. I think I'll be famous too. I think I'll be famous too. I think I'll be an engineer or fly a big aeroplane. What did you say—nursing? No, I think I'd rather be a film star. You know, I think I could be a film star. People at the club are always taking my picture. They say I'm as pretty as anything. So then I could be a star couldn't I?

And when I've made lots and lots of money then I think I'll buy my own nudist place. Then I'll be able to invite all my friends to come along and splash with me. I'll have a great big splashing pool. It will be so big it will cover half the club. Then I'll just have a small swimming pool without any diving board.

And I won't have Jacky. Well maybe, but only if he's real good and stops punching me.

Yes, I like going to the club because when you are naked you can't get your clothes dirty, can you? And everyone at the club loves me. They say I'm the prettiest girl they have ever seen. And that makes me so happy. All the other girls like me. They all want to play with me. I'm the most popular girl in the club. What did you say? I'm a what? A conceited brat? What does that mean?

## SCORCHED RUBBER and OTHER LAUGHS

Maggie Stillwell starts and finishes her contribution this month with a reference to the world's oldest profession, and leaves us with a strange aroma of scorched rubber drifting round a suspect house in Edinburgh. In between Maggie claps hands and jumps with joy when she finds a good old-fashioned daily in Glasgow leading off against the nudists with the headline 'No Naughty Nudes'.

BARENELL, recently published not so. True, Yugoslavia has by Methune, contains the following, 'Even as a young girl, I realised I was intended for an unusual life. I knew that one day I would become a famous writer or a famous whore. It was my spelling let me down . . .

Today, more than ever before, is the day of the female writer-I wonder what let us down?

And talking of female writers, one surfaced in the Glasgow Evening Times. Rosemary Long reported on 'the Scottish sunshine set'. It was a delightful piece of ancient history. Rosemary, or is it Scotland, appears to be living in the past. Her article used to affront us . . . now it delights. Listen, 'In America and in certain retreats down south, it's an excuse for wife swapping, free love and all kinds of titillation. Isn't that wonderful? Presbyterian Scotland's not going in for any of these new fangled attitudes towards the nudists. Up there they know we are a bunch of sex obsessed maniacs. We can't fool them. They are onto our wife swapping. And FREE LOVE. And while we are recovering from that sinfulness, you can bet your bottom dollar we are guilty of 'titillation'

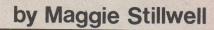
Rosemary dear, it's a pleasure to see you slinging the mud. It's been so rare for so many years, we get a laugh when we see it again. Keep up the good work. My regret is that the only papers which print such copy are out in the sticks.

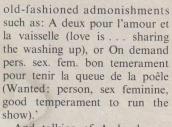
The same report says 'In Yugoslavia (nudism) is as common a sight at the seaside as ice cream . . .' Unfortunately it is literally thousands of nudist beaches. But they are known only to the relatively few. On any ordinary beach in Yugoslavia, everything is proper. Not a topless to be seen. The gulf between the recognised nudist beaches and the ordinary is so great as to be remarkable.

In contrast to Glasgow, we have Toronto in Canada. Their Toronto Star is all sweetness and enlightenment. It carries what we called a 'responsible' article ten years or more ago. Today, it's just dull. One longs for Rosemary, slosh of mud in hand, taking careful aim and screaming 'FREE LOVE! WIFE SWAPPING! TITILLATION! The only remarkable thing about the Toronto Star's coverage was the 'coverage'. Two large pictures spread over most of the page. All told, seven people could be seen. But, by a remarkable co-incidence, neither the genitals nor the breasts of any of the women (or the men for that matter) could be seen. Congratulations to the photographer for a remarkable piece of ingenuity.

It was left to the staid old Guardian of London and Manchester fame to produce the most interesting writing. Judy Hillman reported on the nudist holiday resorts along the Languedoc-Roussillon coast of France. Judy tried neither to be patronising nor to be insulting. She reported things as she saw them with an eye for the unusual. For instance. '... gift corners selling aprons, not with suitable slogans about the dangers of frying fat on sunburnt flesh, but







And talking of Agde she reported, '. . . whereas couples and families are allowed in for a day for a fee, singles are banned unless members of an accredited nudist club. When asked questions about entry for single women, one sales woman said firmly that they could do as much harm as a man.' Exactly what does the sales woman mean? Judy Hillman must have had some idea. But if so, she gives us no clue. Or perhaps, like me, she had no idea what damage was meant. The whole thing is senseless. And the sooner our country cousins down the sleepy, ignorant, wine soaked, suspicious Languedoc coast realise it, the better.

Single men or women are no

more or less a menace than their married equivalents. But finally, Judy reveals another Agde attitude which in our civilized age is hard to believe. She says that the sales woman said the prohibition on filming 'was necessary to prevent pornography, not because of the local life style, but through careful editing.' Never before have I heard such a ludicrous, sexualfantasy! And coming from inside a nudist resort! Please, will someone tell the sales woman that making a porn film from the non-porn material of nudist Agde is just impossible, no matter how clever your editing. And even if it wasn't, no one would go to such lengths.

No, the truth is that Agde is exhibiting the central hysteria of the nudist movement. Fear and horror of the camera. But when they make excuses like the above, they go too far. They make us all look silly.

So we have 'nuts' inside the resorts. But from a look at this month's papers-most of them





are still outside. The Church features as usual. A paperback bought for her by her mother, got Ann Letten thrown out of her convent school. The book was the well known *The Sensuous Woman*. For those who don't know, the book is a modern version of Ovid's *Guide to Love* or perhaps a pale imitation of the *Kama Sutra*. It is full of advice to women on how to arouse the interest of the male.

But the school authorities took a stern view. The headmistress is reported as saying that Ann, having read the book, was now corrupt and had corrupted other girls by letting them read it. The girl's mother added that 'She even went so far as to say that Anne's prospects of marriage were ruined now that she had "that sort of thing" in her mind.' How strange. So far as the rest of us know, nuns can hardly be regarded as authorities on marriage. The one thing they know absolutely nothing about is marriage. Yet here we have the headmistress pontificating (if that's the word) on that very subject. I hope Anne learnt well. I can think of few things more likely to build her a very happy marriage. The Church is a sure loser when it takes on sex.

Not a nun, but strangely reminiscent of one is William Dripps. A greater drip I have rarely discovered. He worked at the Dutch owned Antrim synthetic fibre plant. As in most factories, the walls were adorned with pictures. Not Rembrandt's mind you, just 'pin-ups'. Dripps got furious and pulled the offensive things down. But he couldn't win. The faster he pulled them down the faster they reappeared. Bare boobs and bare everything, they silently mocked Dripps's finest effort. Unable to take it any more, he quit. Now Mr. Dripps is asking for compensation saying his walk-out was a dismissal. Strangely, he has a point. The firm's rule book says instant dismissal follows the defacing of company property and the unauthorised display of flags, decorations, streamers, pictures or slogans. Perhaps if firms weren't so over cautious such

storms would never arise.

But while Mr. Dripps was showing his mettle over the pinups, an unholy row broke out when the Chaplain of a Surrey school drew a picture of a naked couple at a school dinner. On a menu he had drawn a man, a woman and a serpent. A boy thought the serpent was a man's organ. He then drew in the man's penis. The result? The Bishop of Guildford suspended his licence and he was sacked by the chairman of the school governors. The chaplain, defending his drawing of a naked couple said, 'Far from being obscene, it is a very useful expression of life, with its problems and dangers. And I think probably one got a point of



distinct value across in the conversation by doing it.' He added that the drawing was designed to be representative and not pornographic in any sense of the word. What the chaplain forgot was that there are people in this world to whom the representation of the naked figure is automatically pornographic. We, as nudists, are apt to forget this.

By now, you should be convinced the world is mad. If not, I offer the following as final proof. A certain Mrs. Noyce owned a house at 17 Danube Street, Edinburgh, in Scotland. Before she died, recently, she told the world that her bevy of beauties occupying the house found themselves busiest during the period





of the annual church conference.

Now they are in trouble. Building inspectors have been trying to get into the place for the last six weeks. You see the inspectors think the house has been subdivided. So they are ferreting about looking for what they call 'unauthorised erections'. Well, well.

But to cap it all, a complaint has been lodged by a next door neighbour. Objection is raised to what is described as 'heat transmission from No. 17, accompanied by an aroma of scorching rubber!'

# COPENHAGEN MERMAID

Last summer in Copenhagen they had at least one hot day. It inspired a 20-year-old girl. She threw off all her clothes. Feeling more comfortable she then dipped her happy feet in the fountain that graces Copenhagen's main street. To make her happiness complete, she pulled out a banjo and struck up a tune. An astonished policeman was quickly on the scene. He paused to make sure his eyes were not deceiving him. Then,

content that the law was being broken, he approached our happy lass. 'Now what's all this then?' he enquired, taking a very close-up look at the 'all this.' Our happy, innocent and totally naked nymph looked up and studied the policeman. Then she stopped strumming and lifted the banjo up to the policeman's gaze. 'It's called a banjo,' she said with a sweet smile. 'Oh, I see,' said the policeman. 'A banjo eh? Well that's all right then. But remember, no guitars -they're banned.'

Why are clubs so frightened of the beauty contest? Is is because they dread anything sexual in the atmosphere? Is it because they agree with Women's Lib. and think the display demeaning to women? And what is it like anyway? With these thoughts in mind Lance Ridgeway attended this year's event at Eureka. Join him to see men, women and children enjoying the contests.

THE girls are parading. The beauty contest is on. Judges, nearly all male try to keep a poker face as they watch these temptations of the flesh gaggle by.

Hardly a country in the world is without its beauty spectacle. For that is what is has become. Showbiz has made a drama of the beauty contest, a drama pushed by the world's TV at least once a year.

Its supporters are legion. Its detractors, Women's Lib. But wherever the girls are parading, there the crowds are. Strange as it may seem to the male mind among the most enthusiastic viewers are legions of other pretty girls. For women love the parade just as much as men.

But wherever these beauties parade the men and women watching will have completely different viewpoints. The women will be fascinated by the way the girl carries herself. How 'glamorous' she looks. The woman viewer will notice every little sign of jealousy or cattiness among the competitors. She will challenge herself to pick the winner. These and a host of other thoughts occupy the women in the audience.

What about the men? For them it is different. The contest, no matter how glamorous, no matter how exciting, no matter how showbiz, will lack one essential ingredient—nudity.

For although men appreciate the tease of female clothing, in the end they demand the truth. Passionate males throughout the world have joined their American cousins in the final desperate yell—'Get 'em Off!' Of course the yell is never articulated in the chaste halls of Miss World. More's the pity.

For maybe the men have a point. Even women viewers must now and again have wondered how much artifice goes into those glamorous gowns. They know

that even the one piece bathing costume—the climax of most beauty contests—can hide a multitude of sagging busts. stretch marked bellies and appendix scars, not to mention worse horrors.

When it comes to beauty contests, even the competing girls know there can only be one final decision, the decision on the naked body. But since we still live in a society far less liberal than some would have us believe, Miss World will doubtless escape the final decision for many a year.

But there is one place where the nude is accepted, inside the nudist resort. So naturally, you would look here for the ultimate in beauty contests. The nude beauty contest. Indeed if you live in America, you do not have far to look. From the publicity their nude Miss Worlds generate you would think they have at least one every week.

But in Europe the position is very different. Nude beauty contests in naturist resorts are frowned upon. Why should this be so? And, more important, is it justified?

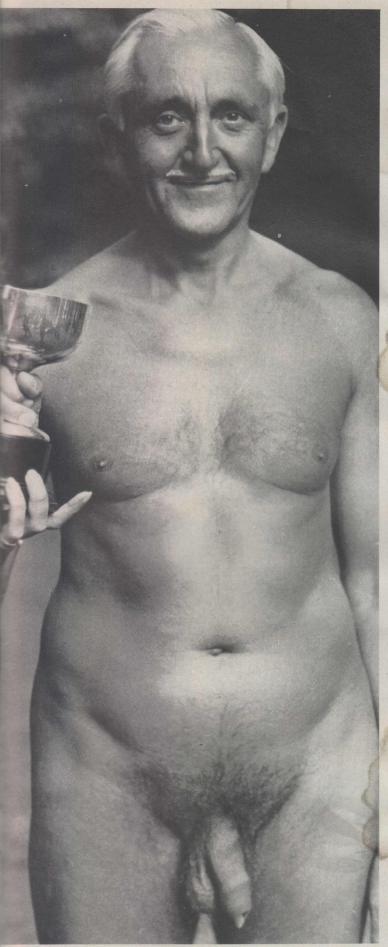
Firstly, what lies behind the thought that nude beauty contests are not right in nudist clubs? In one word—sex. Traditionally, nudists have been so afraid of outside criticism that they have overdone the purity angle. In truth some would say the nudist movement—at least the old-fashioned segment—have done themselves an injury. This self inflicted wound, a fear of everything remotely sexual, has to be overcome. Until it is, nudists are stuck in a morass of fear.

The best, in truth the only way of overcoming this fear is to accept sexuality. And one of the easiest ways is surely via the nude beauty contest.

In England, one club, Eureka, has its annual beauty contest. Perhaps there are others, here or



# YOU GREAT BIG





in Europe. If so we haven't heard from them. This year we went along to Eureka to watch the show, photograph it and tell you about it.

First of all, the show was totally informal. So informal that many wondered if it would ever take place. But eventually Mark strode out onto the sun lawn. He made it clear that what was about to take place was a light-hearted contest. He himself didn't particularly like the words 'beauty contest', especially since men would be taking part. However failing to think of anything more appropriate the term was forgotten and the show commenced.

What we were about to see was a three-cornered affair. Firstly, the children would be invited to parade. Then the men and finally the women.

As with any impromptu event, it was difficult to get started. So perhaps having the kids first was right. However, as it turned out they were no less shy than their parents when it came to being lined up for a prize. Fortunately, Mark had means of dealing with the rebellion. A free scatter of sweets did the trick and the kids came rushing in. Hardly like saints, more like a hoard of hungry locusts.

Even so, the children showed

# BEAUTIFUL DOLL







signs of embarrassment. No wonder, they were in an unfamiliar situation. Many of them clutched their hands over their genitals. Perhaps it was their conditioned reaction to having so many adults peering at them. So here we have the first difficulty. Should the start have been made by the adults-the men or the women. If this had happened it is most likely that when it came to the kids' turn they would have suffered less stage fright. Neverthe-less the show once started went briskly enough.

Soon it was the turn of the men. The judging as always at Eureka's beauty contests was done by a select band of women. Each man was invited in turn to come up before the ladies for closer examination. As often as not the men fell into some statuesque pose. Fair enough, what else could one expect them to do? But whether the ladies were interested in that aspect of their form we will never know. Suffice to say the man they finally picked was neither the youngest nor the most muscular. Last year's winner was passed over, perhaps because of a feeling that one handsome bloke shouldn't dominate the

So now we come to the ladies.









Surprise, surprise, there was no shortage of candidates. The girls and the women flocked to join the line of hopefuls. There was something odd here. It was as though a kind of social enthusiasm swept the women. One lass who earlier had told all she would never be seen in such an exhibition and who had earlier resisted being dragged to the scene was seen to run forward when the girls' contest began.

I'll resist the temptation to say that hidden though it may be there is a strong urge towards exhibition in every woman. How else can you account for fashion? Or figure models—or strip tease, if it comes to that.

But to get on. Now the men were judging and once again we know not how they made their decision. Once again the girls came forward one by one. In the time honoured way the large group was reduced first to five, then to four and finally to the last three. Among these finalists was the girl who had been so determined not to appear earlier.

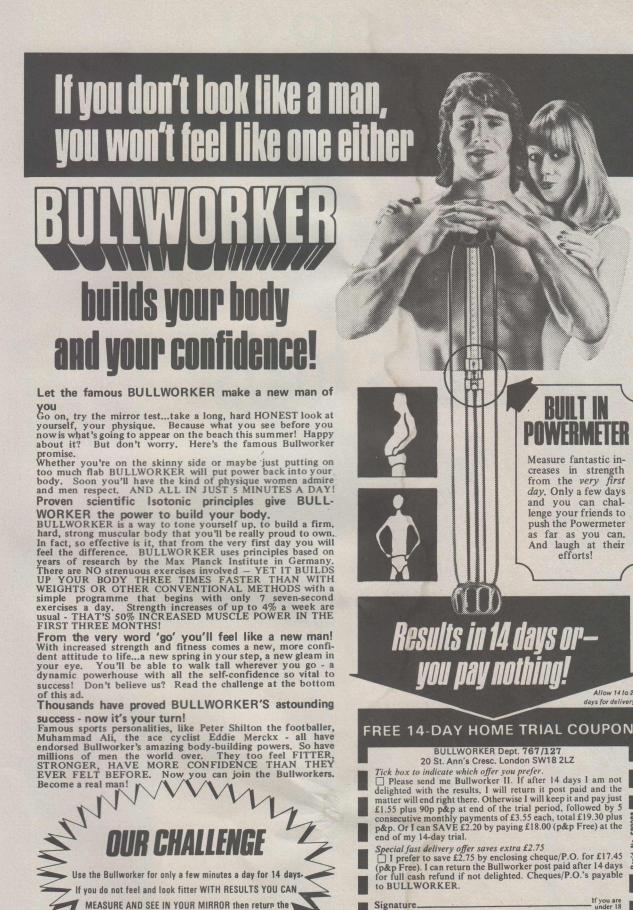
Once again we will never know what influenced the judges but many would challenge their decision. When you get down to three attractive finalists, agreement on who most deserves the prize is always difficult.

But one thing is certain. The winners, both of the men's and the women's section were fine examples of physical fitness. What more could you wish for.

Was it all worth while? Without a doubt the answer is yes. Many reasons could be advanced. One of the most pertinent is that it brought all in the club together. One of the most difficult things a large club has to face is the alienation of individual members who feel they are being overlooked. The single male is the classic case. But not the only one.

With the whole club's attention focused on this one event, you had an atmosphere of togetherness, impossible to achieve without some group interest. And it was noticeable that everyone at the club joined in, either as spectators or as participants. Not one chose to ignore the event. Now, however much, games courts and swimming pools can help the social life of a club, only total group involvement concerns everyone.





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lf you are under 18 adult must sign.

(block letters)

Allow 14 to 28 days for delivery.



# **PHOTO CLUB**

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. They are Female Beauty, Group Pictures and Men. In addition there is a Special Class to cover any other Naturist subject. The prizes are: First £10, Second £5 and Third £3. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Note that we cannot use colour prints, only transparencies. Black and white prints are not returned unless specially requested and stamped and addressed envelope or international postage coupons enclosed.

Month by month our photographer, Murray James, aims to bring you all you need to know in order to produce excellent pictures of the nude. The articles are especially designed to take the technicalities out of photography by explaining them in simple language.

# What Lens to Use

LAST month we began discussing the camera lens. There is more to say. I suggested that an expensive lens was unnecessary. A lens becomes expensive when it is designed to admit a great amount of light. To understand this we must talk about aperture. Every modern camera has a device which limits the light allowed to pass through the lens. The least light is admitted when this device is closed so that just a minute hole is left for the light. At the other extreme, when the hole is widened to its maximum the greatest amount of light is admitted. The smallest hole will be designated on most cameras by the number f16. Then as we increase the diameter of the hole we pass through the numbers f11, f8, f5.6, f4, f2.8, and on some cameras f1.4. Older cameras use different numbers. But in all cases the change from one stop to the next lowest means a doubling of the light admitted. This is not strictly true over the whole of the scale, but never mind.

Now when lens makers design a lens to work at a maximum of f4, they can do this using a simple four element lens. That is they put four pieces of glass together to make the one lens. But when they have to design much faster lenses, they need more and more 'bits' of glass to get good results. At very low numbered apertures they will be using seven or more elements.

The more elements in the design, the more freedom for the designer. But he gains this at the cost of complexity. And when it

comes to making the lens, the more elements the greater the cost. Not only because of the cost of the individual lenses, but also because assembling them is a difficult task calling for great accuracy.

And what are you paying for? A better lens? It depends what you mean by better. The only advantage you gain is the ability to take pictures in light which is so poor, that a cheaper lens would be inadequate. This is an advantage you will never need in figure work. So when choosing your camera remember that a four element lens working at no more than f4 will be perfectly satisfactory. Your results will be well up to publication standard. Many older cameras have a maximum aperture of f3.5. They are more than adequate.

I mention older cameras because here you can find some real bargains. For the beginner especially the secondhand market is well worth studying. But we will come back to that later.

The next important thing about lenses is that they come in different focal lengths. Exactly what a focal length is needn't concern us. Generally speaking a camera is fitted with a lens that has a focal length (measured in millimetres) about equal to the diameter of the picture it takes, or somewhat more. A standard focal length for a 35 mm camera is around 50 mm.

Now with this lens fitted to our camera we get a picture covering a certain area. If now we change the lens for one of a greater focal

length we will reduce the area which appears on the picture. So you can imagine that with the standard lens you might take a picture which shows the whole of your model. Now with both of you in the same position but using a focal length of say 200 mm, little more than the face would fill your picture.

So we learn that as we increase the focal length so we decrease the area covered by our picture. The same applies in reverse. If we remove the standard lens and this time fit one of say 20 mm focal length, our picture will now show not only the whole of the model but a lot of the area around her.

You might ask why anyone would want a lens of long focal length when they could achieve the same result by just getting closer to the model. A very good question. And it is perfectly true that even with the standard lens you can reduce the picture area simply by moving closer. But there are limits. Closer than a certain distance you cannot get a sharp picture no matter how you try. But worse, the closer you get the more your picture gets distorted. For instance a close picture of Mabel could show her with a huge nose and if you could see them at all, minute ears. We are all familiar with the

But there is a most important reason why a long focal length is sometimes used. It enables you to work further away and yet get the same size of picture you would closer in. How we can use this we will talk about next month.







# Female Beauty

FIRST Sitting pretty enough to pick up a useful £10 for Barry of Surrey.

SECOND Fine, but watch the washing line in the background Bridget.

THIRD If you don't hurry up, this tree will do me a damage!'

PHOTO CLUB







FIRST 'Reach for the sky man!' And while you're at it take £10.

SECOND 'Psst. Try Kt-KB3 and you'll have him in check.' And you collect our cheque too.

THIRD First rule, remove clothing from the background and trees that grow out of heads.







# Groups

FIRST Effect would have been better were these three a lot closer...

SECOND ... like this for instance. See how the centre of interest holds the picture together.

THIRD Of course you are not wearing socks. But wise to keep your shoes on on the rocky coast of Yugoslavia.







# **Special Class**

SPECIAL CLASS A beautiful classic study. The beach ball emphasising the roundness of the buttocks.





# NOW FOR THESE PRIZES

Dipping into our readers' contest picture file we came up with the following winners. Keep your pictures flowing in. Remember there is good money to be won for your snapshots.

WINNER in the women's class delights us with her simple, natural pose. Notice especially how honestly she rests her legs. Clamping the knees tightly together is no longer necessary, and it is totally out of place in a nudist picture, where total body honesty is our basic principle.

You see what I mean in the photo placed second—the girl with arms akimbo. While I approve of the weight being transferred to one leg so that the other makes a graceful line, I always worry a little about the position of the knee. It suggests concealment, and hence guilt.

Third was a good try, but surely a more comfortable rest would have led to a more contented expression?

Now the men. First and second places go to the same photographer this time. Shows what money you can earn if you enter this class. I put the chess player ahead of the fellow on the blanket because of the implied action. First, on tiptoes is way ahead of the competition.

Our most difficult class is the group. First place goes to the picture of the threesome, mainly for its clarity and contrast. Placed second is a shot of youngsters playing at what looks like Korvasada. With any group it's a great help to get a centre of interest. Here the ball provides the very thing, giving unity to the group and a centre of action. Interestingly enough third goes to Martha and her son again in Yugoslavia.

Special class first is a superb shot of Jay. Could she turn around for second prize?

That must be all for this month—space is limited.

# PHOTO CLUB

This is your club. If you have a camera it can help you. We aim to make your naturist picture-taking both more successful and more enjoyable. Get out your camera and join in.

# MEANS, METHODS AND MODELS

CLUB NEWS

ALREADY the first names are coming into our model register. If you are interested in modelling for naturist photography why not add your name to the register. If you have a photographic section in your naturist club why not get in touch with others through this column. If possible models wanting to register should enclose a full length figure photo.

### READER'S LETTERS

AM interested in buying a camera and of course I would like to be able to take pictures of my family good enough to win one of your prizes offered in the reader's photographic competitions. I have had a look in our local camera shop and I'm appalled by the high prices. I seem to remember that years ago one could buy a good folding camera at a very reasonable price. I just can't afford several hundred pounds. I think fifty pounds a more sensible figure. What I want to know is whether I can get a camera good enough at that price.

The other thing that worries me, and I'm sure a lot of others is what size of film is best? I see I can buy cameras taking 120 size film and also 35 mm, 110 and even 127 sizes. It's all very confusing. Could your expert sort it out?

John Brenton

(First of all John I hope you turn back a couple of pages and read this month's photo course. You will see it is the lens that is costing so much money on many of the 35 mm cameras you see in your shop windows. And that sort of lens is really not necessary for the sort of work you contemplate.

There are cameras in your price range or a little beyond. For instance, in this country there's a range known as 'seagull', but I hesitate to recommend them as I have never handled one. What I think you should do is look to the secondhand market. And I would look for an older camera. I mean the sort of camera which was popular twenty or more years ago.

You may find it difficult to buy as dealers naturally prefer today's up-to-date shiny model. But in the bigger cities, you will usually find someone who stocks the camera I mean. The best and most famous of these older cameras was the Zeiss Ikonta series. The Super Ikonta 530/16 took 12 pictures on 120 roll film, but my favourite was the 531 model giving you 16 pictures on 120 roll film.

That brings me onto the second part of your question; films. Forget about anything smaller than 35mm. I think in practise you will have to choose between 120 size and 35mm. As you say, the 127 size is still around and very useful it is too. But it is often used with older cameras which were sold so cheaply the lens used was always suspect.

The bigger your negative, the better the quality of the finished picture is likely to be. This points towards the 120 size. On the other hand, 35mm gives you more flexibility and the ability to change lenses should you find this useful. So look for cameras taking those two sizes.—Murray James)

CAN'T I find all the figure models I want just by joining a nudist club? Or perhaps they would let me photograph them in return for some prints. Who should I write to?

Coventry Leo Moore

(I'm afraid you are wrong in both cases. Despite the impression naturist magazines might give, your average club member with a few exceptions, is hardly anxious to be photographed. Indeed, finding models is one of the more difficult aspects of figure photography. We will deal with it at length in a future issue of our instruction course.)





# Terrain. De Volley

# CLUB

# BRITISH

Adventurers Sun Club, near Maidstone and Sittingbourne:

Apollo Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Brighton

The Arcadians, near Brentford and Southend-on-Sea

Avon Outdoor Club, near Stratfordupon-Avon, Warwick and Banbury. Aztecs Sun Park, near East Grinstead, Redhill and Horsham.

Naturist Foundation, South London. Blackthorns Sun Club, near Sharnbrook, between Bedford and Ketter-

**Bournemouth & District Outdoor** Club, near Ringwood.

Brighton Sun Club, near Haywards Heath and Newick.

Bristol Solarians, near Chipping Sodbury

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., near London (South).

Cambridge Outdoor Club, near Cambridge, Ely & St. Ives (Cambs). Croydon Sun Society, near London

Diogenes Club, near Gerrards Cross, Uxbridge and Watford.

East Midland Sunfolk, near Lincoln, Newark-on-Trent, Gainsborough. Eureka Club, near London (South) and Kent area.

Four Seasons Club, near Worthing Shoreham-on-Sea and Brighton.

Gardenia Sun Club, near London

Greenacres Sun Club, Durham area

Haslemere Sun Club, also near Hindhead and Liphook

Hastings Sun Club, also Folkestone

Heritage Sun Club, near Reading and Aldershot Invicta Sun Club, between Dover and

Deal.

Isis Sun Club, between Bridgend and Cowbridge.

Lakeland Outdoor Club, Cumbria area.

Lancashire Sun Society, between Southport and Preston.

Leicester Sun Group, between Coventry and Leicester

Lancashire Sun Society.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society. Manchester Sun and Air Society.

Marquerite Sun Club, near Oakham, Stamford and Uppingham.

Naturist Foundation, near London (South)

North Western Sunbathing Society, Stockport, Macclesfield, Congleton

Nottingham Sun Club, Mansfield, Nottingham, Derby area.

Nova Sun Club, near Sutton, Dorking,

Reigate, Guildford.

Oakwood Sun Club, near Brentwood. Pendale Sun Club, near Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield.

Phoenix Sun Club, near Buxton, Congleton, Macclesfield and Leek. Pines Sun Club, near Ross, Newent,

Gloucester and Cinderford Ribble Valley Club, near Preston. Blackburn and Wallasey.

Ridgewood Sun Club, near Bristol, Portishead and Clevedon.

Scottish Outdoor Club, Glasgow.

Sheplegh Court, near Totnes, Brixham, Dartmouth.

Solway Sun Club, near Carlisle, Brampton and Longtown.

South Hants Sun Club, near Portsmouth and Southampton

South London Sun Society. South Western Outdoor Club, near

Yeovil, Sherborne, Evershot. Springwood Sun Club, near Col-

Sunbeam (South East Essex) Sun Club, near Billericay, Wickford.

Sungrove Sun Club, near Grimsby and Brigsley.

Sunnybroom Sun Club, near Aberdeen, Balmoral and Peterhead. Tando, between Carlisle and New-

Vagari Sun Club, near Godalming,

Fareham and Hindhead.

Valerian Sun Club, near Ryde and

Newport, I.O.W. Valley Sun Club, near Leeds,

Bradford and Ripon.

Weald Group, near Haywards Heath, Burgess Hill and Henfield.

Western Sun Folk, near Monmouth and Chepstow. Westways Sun Club, near Malmes-

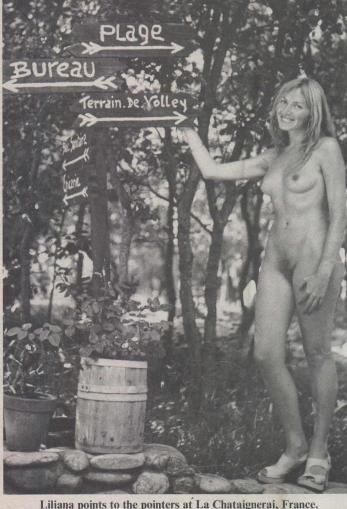
bury and Minety.

White House Club, near London

White Rose Club, York, near Strensall and Flaxton.

Woodlands Sun Club, near Coventry. Wrekin Sun Club, serves area bounded by Shrewsbury, Whit-church, Market Drayton and Telford. Yorkshire Sun Society, near Hull. Zaribah Sun Club, near Hastings,

Rye, Tenterden.





At 'Fiveacres' just north of London.

# DIRECTORY

The following directory is published to give you an idea of the location of various clubs. If you want further information you should write to the address of the country concerned given at the foot of the directory. Club Secretaries in England, France and Germany are invited to submit addresses for publication together with any news, notes or matters of general interest to Nudists throughout Europe. Published in English, French and German, this section can provide all of Europe with a common meeting ground. We hope in the future to bring you items of interest from the INF, FFN and the United Kingdom organisations.

Readers in the United Kingdom should note that there are two major organisations working quite independently. They are the C.C.B.N. (Central Council for British Naturism, Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET) and the Eureka Group, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent DA12 4DN. The former is the older and more traditional. The latter breaks away from the more conventional approaches to social nudity.

# BELGIUM

ANTWERP Athena, P.O. Box 225, 2000 Antwerpen.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, 2020 Antwerpen.

BRUSSELS

Compagnons Campeurs Belges, BP 888, 1000, Brussels. Helios, P.O. Box 1185, 1000 Brussels.

GENT

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, 9000 Gent.

HASSELT Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, 3500 Hasselt.

LIEGE

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, 4000 Liege. Nature et Sport, c/o J. M. Renkin, rue Bidaut 21 A, 4000 Liege 1.

VOTTEM

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

### FRENCH

Some 15 Clubs around Paris among

Gymno-Club du Thelle. Centre Gymnique de l'Oise. La Fertille. Sport et Nature. Air et Soleil.

Heliomonde. Club Gymnique de France. LILLE

Plein Air Relax Club.

REIMS Centre Gymnique de Champagne. ORLEANS

Les Bogues, Club du Soleil, Joi et

Sante d'Orleans. Puy la Lande.

BORDEAUX Centre Helio-Marin de Montalivet.

NICE La Gorghetta. CORSICA

Robinson Club La Chiappa. Corsicana.

SOUTH OF FRANCE Port Nature. Verdon Provence.

Le Romegas VALENCIENNE Centre Gymnique du Nord.

MAUBEUGE Natura. LE HAVRE Bois des 40 Acres. ROUEN

La Bouleautiere.

**EVREUX** 

Bois de Glisolles, Pomme Doree, BP 25, 27000-Evreux.

NANCY

Le Cardinal, Union Gymnique de Lorraine, Les Ombelles, Haut-du-Lievre, Ent.C., 54000-Nancy.

STRASBOURG

Centre Gymnique d'Alsace, BP 161, 67025 Strasbourg-

CEDEX

BREST

Club du Soleil, BP 246, 29271 Brest. RENNES

Club du Soleil, Section de Rennes. BP 724, 35009 Rennes.

BOURGES

Les Amis du Chataignier, 18250 La Chapelotte.

LAVAL

Club du Soleil, 20 Place Pasteur, 53000 Laval.

DIJON

Clubdu Soleil, 7 rue du Dr. Chaussier, 21000 Dijon

French readers can write for more information to: La Federation Francaise de Naturisme (F.F.N.) 4 avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris. There are many more clubs in France than those listed above.

Selected French Holiday Resorts for Nudists.

La Conche, Cet J Bennetot, Relais de laConche, StMontant, 07,220-Viviers.

La Chataigneraie, La Chataigneraie, 07-La Bastide de Virac

Alpes et Soleil, 38 Sinard

La Genese, Mejannes-le-Clap, 30710 St. Jean-de-Maruejols.

La Gorgetta, Jean Goffin, La Gorgetta, 06720 Levens.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Brianconnet 06850 St Auban, Alpes-Maritimes.

Domaine Naturiste de Belezy, Belezy-Provence, 84410 Bedoin.

Corsicana, Club Corsicana, Linguisette, 20320 San Nicolao. Montalivet, Centre Helio-Marin

33930 Montalivet Le Moulin, Ernest Ridel. Au Moulin.

20210 Porto-vecchio, BP 36. La Chiappa, S.A. 20210 Porto-

Tropica, Mme. Jeanne Lovati, Centre Naturiste Tropica, 20230 Nicolao.



The 'Aztects Club' near Crawley, Sussex, England.

Port Nature au Cap D'Agde, Club Nature Port Nature 34300 Cap d'Agde

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme. Metge. BP 1 30430 Barjac.

Le Romegas, Jeannine Schillemans. Romegas 26174 Buis-les-Baronnies

Ran du Chateau de Fereyrolles, Robert Malafosse. 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

The addresses given show where you should write for further information. They are not always the address of the resort.

**GERMAN** 

BONN

Familiensportbund Bonn e.V.

AACHEN

Natur-und Sportfreunde Aachen e.V.

AUGSBURG

Sportbund Helios Augsburg e.V.

BAMBURG

Natur-und Sportbund.

BEYRUTH

Sportbund für Körperkultur.

BERLIN

Verein für Körperkultur Berlin-Sudwest.

BREMEN

Bund für natürnahe Lebensgestal-

FKK Wiking Bremen, e V.28 Bremen, D-Bonhoefferstrasse 36.

DORTMUND

Sport und Naturfreunde Dortmund, 46 Dortmund-Hombruch Postfach

DUISBURG

Lichbund Niederrhein, 4 Dusseldorf Postfach 5131

DUSSEL DORE

Sportfreunde Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf 1, Postfach 7113.

FRANKFURT Orplid e.V.

FREIBURG Bfi Sonnland.

FRIEDRICHSHAVEN Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

HAMBURG FKK-Sportgemeinschaft Hamburg. HANNOVER

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KASSEL

FKK-Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

KEMPTEN

Bund Alpenland.

KIFL Ligafürfreie Lebensgestaltung, e.V.,

23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

KOLN

Helio-Familiensportgemeinschaft.

LUNEBERG

Sun, Luneburger Heide, 314 Luneburg. Postfach 2641.

MÜNCHEN

Freie Sportgemeinschaft Amperland.

SAARBRÜCKEN

Lichtbund Saar. STUTTGART

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung.

Stuttgarter Sonnenfreunde.

WIESBADEN

Orplid, 62 Wiesbaden, Postfach 4532.

MANNHEIM

Freier Lichbund Mannheim, 68 Mannheim 1, Postfach 711

COBURG

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Coburg, 8634 Rodach b.Coburg. Feldstrasse 1.

NURNBERG

Sportgemeinschaft Sonnenfreunde. Nurnberg, Drahtzieherstrasse

REGENSBURG

Naturistenbund Donau, 84 Regensburg, Postfach 326.

REUTLINGEN

Bund für Familiensport Reutlingen, D741 Reutlingen, Postfach 382

SCHWENNINGEN

BffL Schwarzwald, 1229, 7730 Villin-

For' German readers Richard Danehls Verlag, 2 Hamburg 50, Postfach 500 344 have published in 1974 a booklet 'FKK Reisefuhrer.' It contains the addresses of all the above German Clubs and many more both in Germany and elsewhere in Europe.

# STAGE FRIGHT

How would you like to do a day's nude modelling for a photographer you have never met, in the company of another man also nude? Would you think nothing of it as just one more aspect of these liberated times? Or would you hesitate—thinking it might be a set up for something a lot more sinister. Read one girl's experience, as described in a letter to a girlfriend.







Dear Joan,

I had a funny experience recently. It was John came up with the idea. He's the one with the furnace. He makes all that lovely enamelled jewellery you know. I like to keep in with him. Every now and again he gives me a piece. Anyway, he said he knew this photographer who would pay me to model. 'You're just right,' said John, 'so I've booked you for a session. He specialises in the

nude,' John added, as if it was an after thought.

I was furious. After all, I hardly know John and how did he think I'd get undressed for some strange photographer. 'Oh, it's all right,' said John, 'I'll be there.' 'But why should I let you see me nude as well as the photographer,' I asked. 'Don't worry,' replied John, 'I'll be nude too.'

said John, 'so I've booked you for a session. He specialises in the they setting up—an orgy? But

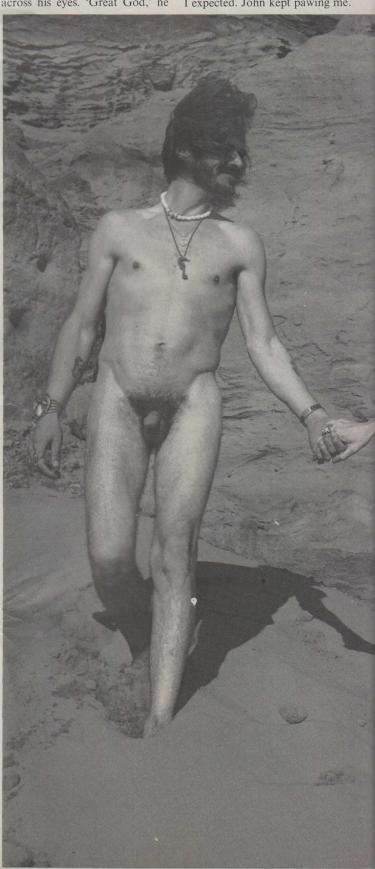
John was very patient and explained there was nothing to it. So I let him talk me round. Of course, the cameraman was paying lots of cash, and that tempted me.

So there we were, on the beach this sunny, windy day. But we got off to an awful start. 'Get 'em off,' said the photographer. John was out of his clothes like a flash. But what was I supposed to do? Striptease? Right in front of them. I made them turn their backs. Then nude, I waited for them to look. The photographer took one glimpse and threw his hands across his eyes. 'Great God,' he

screamed, 'How awful!' I could have killed him. Sure, I've got a birth mark but so have other girls. Apart from that I thought I looked quite attractive. 'Great Lord,' he screamed again, 'she's got elastic in her pants and it's ringed her skin. Now we'll have to hang around until the marks disappear.

It didn't help me one bit. I felt shy. The photographer kept acting up telling me to relax and be natural. He was an hysterical character.

It was a lot more intimate than I expected. John kept pawing me.



Grabbing me around the waist and pressing against me. 'It's necessary,' he explained. 'It's part of the deal. Magazines insist on the modern approach. We cannot go on being Victorian a century later.' I suppose he is right but the expression on my face must have given away my thoughts.

The photographer kept using flashlight. I thought that funny too. Fancy using a flashlight in the sunshine. It made me very suspicious. Perhaps he wasn't a

quired. I had no option but to believe him. Anyhow, I sure wanted everything to be normal.

John couldn't take his eyes off me. I got quite scared. I've heard of girls being raped and worse and here I was on a beach miles from anywhere, with one naked man and a lunatic.

They decided to have something to eat. We sat down and John pulled out a bottle of his home-made wine. 'This will relax you,' he said, pouring me a glass.





We were sitting under a sort of sandstone cliff. Someone had scribbled his name-'Tony', I remember. Then further along was some more writing. 'We did it here', it said, 'why don't you?' Of course John had to read that out loud.

After the wine I felt a lot better. The sharp wind blew through my hair. It was invigorating. It began to be fun prancing round in the

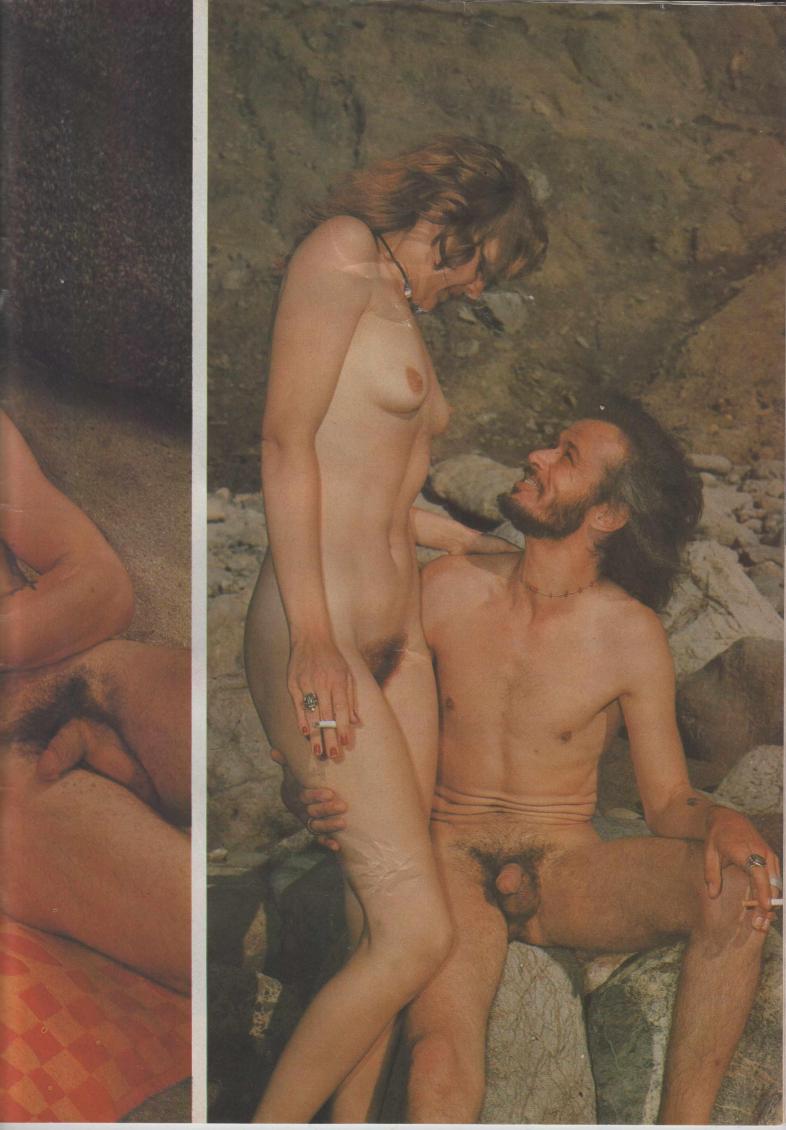
was no funny stuff. It was all good, clean fun. The photographer too began to seem almost human. He was enjoying himself. John was happy. I think I must have been drunk. I had lost all my previous shyness.

Before I knew it, the photography was over.

We dressed. I did so reluctantly. Funny how easily you can take to nakedness-once you try.

Love, Joan







# READERS' LETTERS

Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such and addressed to the Editor, H. & E. Monthly, Peenhill Limited, 8-9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.4. The opinions expressed in correspondence from letters do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or Editor.

I WOULD like to spend a holiday in a nudist camp. I am still a novice, which leads to the following problem: I am very easily excited and consequently my penis becomes erect—even just through my own nakedness. I would like to know whether I ought to feel embarrassed at a nudist beach. Are there other men with the same problem! P.S. Perhaps you could include a couple of pictures with your confirmation.

Switzerland Toni Wachter

(I presume, Toni, you are a very young man. It is not a problem for 60-year-olds. But seriously, you ask if you ought to be embarrassed. Difficult question. Since nudists believe there is nothing to be ashamed of in the human body, the correct answer is no. But on the other hand, others, including me, have found that the fear of being embarrassed is a very effective erection deterrent. I recommend it. I noticed a youngster at my club recently who had the same problem. His solution was to turn and lie on his stomach. It appeared to work. But the real cure is to get used to your own and others' nudity. After your first day you will find that even the prettiest girls are only sexually stimulating if vou want to think them so.-Ed.)

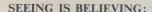


Reader thinks girls have it too much their own way and wants 'in on the act'.

I ENCLOSE herewith an indoor photographic study of myself which I would like to submit for publication in your journal. In No. 11 the entries to this contest were indoor studies—but all of females. I thought perhaps we mere males could perhaps 'get in on the act'.

If however the contest is closed, I would still like to see the enclosed study published if possible if only to prove that naturism is not restricted to outdoors during the summer months . . . Name and address Anon.

(Glad to oblige. Sorry we couldn't use it in the contest though.—Ed.)



IN an issue of H.&E. a letter has appeared complaining that you do not print photos of the male showing his penis circumcised and exposing the attraction of the knob.

I have also read letters stating that when a naturist writes and states a point that it should be accompanied by a photo of that person in the nude to prove he is a naturist . . . Well I am enclosing three photos of myself to prove this point. You can if you wish use all three to prove the point I make and if necessary to convince people you can supply my name and address to enable any person to arrange a meeting to prove what I write.

I have never been circumcised but my knob shows all the time no matter how relaxed my penis is, so I do not go along with the idea that you must be circumcised to show the knob when the penis is relaxed and the photos will prove that as they were taken in a relaxed state of mind and thoughts. I must admit that I am rather large and that may have something to do with this but I do not believe so . . . If you publish the photos I hope they will bring relief to those who are anxious to see what they

like and desire.
School Lodge, F. P. Thomas
Hawkley, Nr. Liss,
Hants.



Mr. Thomas proves his point.

# ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR

AS a reader of your magazine I would like to correct a statement made in one of your recent issues implying that Australia is backward in its attitude towards nudism, on the contrary the citizens of South Australia in particular enjoy a freedom of nudism that has brought many favourable comments from other countries.

We have three government sanctioned nudist beaches with car parking facilities, etc., one being a mere fifteen miles from the capital city of Adelaide, the other two being further afield. A warm weekend will see a crowd of several thousand on the near Adelaide beach in addition there are hundreds of other spots around the coastline where nudity is possible and accepted.

My wife and myself are ardent beach and rock fishers. Most of the places we go fishing from give us the opportunity to fish and enjoy the sun in complete nude freedom. Even the sight of many women sunbathing bra-less on the local suburban beaches hardly raises an eyebrow.

The initial outcry that beaches set aside for nude swimming would produce a crop of perverts has been proved wrong. The police have cooperated very well and undesirables have been moved away very smartly, there are still a few giggling tourists who are more uncomfortable than the unclad majority on the beach. Since South Australia made this step most of the other states have set

aside beach areas for nudists and they are proving so popular that even more areas are going to be made available to meet the growing demand. So many people like ourselves want to enjoy nudism without having to join clubs to enjoy the freedom of sun and air.

The enclosed snapshots show first how the local government authorities have signposted the access roads to the beaches the other is of my wife enjoying an early morning splash at a nearby beach.

Keep the magazine going, it is very popular here and has to be ordered in advance to ensure getting a copy.

Brighton, Jack Freak S. Australia

(Delighted to hear the news. As a matter of fact we recently ran an article about the progress you were making in Australia. Certainly you are doing better than we in England are, but you have a long way to go before you catch up with France, Germany or Yugoslavia. Unfortunately, you forgot to enclose the photos. Next time you write, send them along.—Ed.)

# GIRLS, SEX AND H.&E.

WE read your excellent magazine, and as 'naturists' in our own modest family way, we enjoyed the image you give of nudism generally as being one of pleasant people, fit and physically attractive, enjoying themselves in a way that they choose.

I know that sometimes you have to resort to attractive models and actors and actresses to fill your pages with the right sort of inspiring pictures that make us all want to stay fit and healthy, but I would point out, one of the actresses, who appears in your recently published issue 78, No. 9, pages 5 and 61, and I believe works abroad under the appearance name of 'Debbie', and, together with another attractive girl known as 'Rene', has starred in a number of sex magazines and films which, should you wish me to authenticate, I am willing to do so directly to you.

All of these, as you may gather we have seen with no objection to their stimulating presentation of sex, but, there may be readers who

could say that you are producing a family magazine with content pictures provided by people professionally exploiting sex and nakedness.

I must add that I would rather see more contributions from amateur naturists, even if they were 'voluntary models' in posed professionally organised sets and situations, rather than the polished 100% professionally composed pictures. If your magazine is open to amateur picture contributions I would send some colour prints of myself with my wife, who somewhat resembles 'Debbie', but complete with luxuriant vulval hair and fine beautiful underarm hair, both of which are my preference and I try to encourage her to improve both and maintain them as they make her the most beautiful woman in the world to me.

As a reader Alan Bishop of Portsmouth wrote, I would also ask could we see more, of both, pictures like the girl in No. 3, and of any girls with even a more luxuriant abundance of pubic hair?

Yours, hoping to have been of assistance to your excellent publication, Basingstoke J.W.

(I must say that your reading is remarkably catholic. But seriously I take it that what you are saying is that you enjoy these sexually oriented magazines and films. But you feel there may be readers who could say that we are producing a family magazine . . . Well there may be ducks that think we are producing hens eggs, or crackpots who think we could be ducks. The permutations are endless if you wish to speculate. The only thing we are certain of is that we are publishing a magazine directed at people who like to go naked when they can. We want to give them news, pictures and reading which will please them and keep them informed and entertained. The pic-









are selected on merit, not on who they are what they are or what they may have done. I care not. That is their business. I suggest you cease to worry about hypothetical matters, and continue enjoying your reading and viewing.—Ed.)

me. No one worries about cameras unless it is carried by a person partly or fully dressed—or a peeper.

Perth, Australia

M.K.

# A NUDIST MATRIMONIAL AGENCY?

AM newly involved with and interested in nudism. I read both your magazine and the New Zealand Naturist. I enjoy most of your photos and your articles. Many of these reflect my own ideas. I'm single, 35, Swiss born and unmarried. But recently I have been exchanging letters with a girl via 'Hermes Correspondent Verlag'. Unfortunately, I live too far from a nudist club or beach but I spend my holidays at the free beach in Perth. You know, that is a very interesting experience. The only thing to watch is sunburn. You can be so interested you forget to be careful.

I take my dogs with me. We run on the beach. I talk to everyone—locals and tourists alike. So time flies with all the chat and jokes. A couple of weeks ago TV Channel 9 were filming on the beach. I enjoyed watching and being interviewed. But what a chance I missed not having a camera with

### MALE MODEL

I read your magazine and I have become very interested in naturism. I would like to do some modelling. I was wondering if you took on models for your magazine (male). If so, would you send me details.

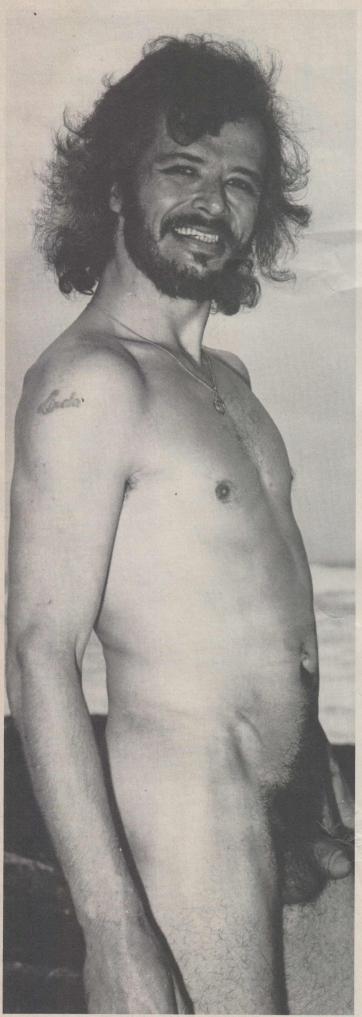
Coventry M.W

(I have passed your letter over to Murray James who holds the model register.—Ed.)

# LE MONDE AND NUDISM

YOU may be interested in the attached cutting from Le Monde. The statistics: 500,000 naturists on the French coast, 2.5 million in the country, 180 associations and 40 naturist

The article deals with the conflict between the old faithful of the naturist cult and the people looking only for convenience and relaxation. It deals too with the artificial character of the clubs, their rules, their police and so on.



Reader P.R. in Paris tells us that Le Monde says there are two and a half million nudists in France . . . 180 clubs and 40 nudist holiday centres.

Also the opposition to the 'unorganised nudists' and the puritanical tendencies of the old-timer's. All this has been discussed in H.&E. but the fact that this topic has been taken up by the most influential and dignified of the French newspapers is an event by itself.

Paris P.R

(Yes, we know exactly what you mean. H.&E. is happy that nudism has spread outside the enclosures of the clubs. The unorganised nudists are increasing every day and mostly they are free of the stuffy, puritanical ideas of some of the older club members. Of course, saying that makes us unpopular with them, but this magazine is just 79 years young and we have taken a

lot of beatings in the past and survived. We look forward to the day when organised, unorganised and the everyday public can share the same beach—dressed or not, just as they please.—Ed.)

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